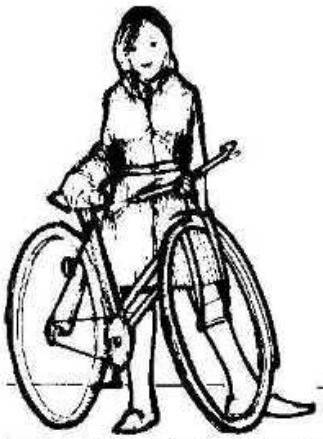
roué

£2·00

NO.1

SMACKED BOTTOMS & THINGS LIKE THAT



SALLY

It looked as if the rain had set in for the afternoon. Keith peered out from his awning and up at the heavy, scudding clouds, and decided to call it a day. People didn't stop to buy flowers in weather like this. He'd be wasting his time, and anyway there was work to be done in the nursery, in the shelter of the greenhouses.

He cast an eye along the busy main road, on the look out for a last potential customer. The traffic swished by, unheeding. The slim figure on the far side of the road, sheltering under a tree with her bike, seemed familiar. She was wearing a navy blue mac, and had a waterproof hat on, so he couldn't see too much of her. Nevertheless, he thought, it looked like Sally. He watched her for a moment, but she showed no sign of recognition. He decided it couldn't be her. Sally lived about four miles away, and anyway she'd be at school this time of the day.

Keith took down his awning and packed the pots and plants into the front of the stall, getting wetter than he'd thought he would in the process. He padlocked the stall, fumbling in his pocket as he put the key safely away, not wanting to lose it again.

A bicycle ticked up the path behind him as someone wheeled it along. He turned. Sally's rain pinkened face peeped out from under the rain hat.

'Hello. What're you doing here?'

She smiled, though not quite convincingly. 'Just passing,' she said.

He looked at her, wondering why he should think she seemed nervous. She smiled again, almost apologetically.

'Er — well, I was just packing up.'

'Yes, I can see.

Keith looked at her mac, buttoned up to the neck. 'You look wet,' he said, rather unnecessarily.

' 'Fraid I am,' she said.

'Want to come in till it stops?'

'If you like.'

'OK then. Come on.'

'Thanks.'

He led the way down the path behind the stall. He turned to look back over his shoulder, still walking. 'What d'you want to do with your bike? You can put it in one of the greenhouses if you like.'

'No point,' she said, 'It's wet anyway.'

He let himself into the little shed which he used as a place to make tea and to put his feet up occasionally. Her bike clonked against the wooden wall as she propped it up, then she too came in a moment later.

He half turned towards her, as if making a pretence of welcoming her to his humble little shelter.

'Close the door then,' he said.

'Sorry,' she shut the door, then took her hat off, splashing the drips onto the floor. Wisps of blonde hair clung damply to her cheek. 'You don't mind, do you?' she asked, seeming unsure of herself.

' 'Course not. You're welcome anytime.'

He found the matches and fiddled with the wick in the paraffin heater. It lit smokily, it's pungent fumes quickly filling the small, single room.

'You want tea or coffee?'

'Don't mind.'

'Tea then,' he said. 'Why don't you take your mac off?'

He lit the calor gas ring, filled the kettle. He heard the rustle of her mac behind him.

He left the kettle to boil, and turned to Sally again. It was something of a shock to find her in a school blazer. He'd never seen her dressed like that before. All at once she seemed younger.

'You're home early,' he said.

'Yes,' she sounded non-committal.

'What are you doing over this way, anyway,' he asked. 'Should have thought it was a bit out of your way really, coming home from school.'

'Where shall I hang this?' she asked, holding out her mac.

'There's a hook over there,' he said.

She pushed past him, her hips brushing against him as he washed the cups. Her body felt soft and full.

He poured milk into the cups, and remembered her, back in the summer holidays, when she'd been working with him. Her slim, suntanned legs. The little shorts. The narrow aisles in the greenhouses, the tight squeeze it was for two people to pass. The warm, smooth touch of her thigh, the plumpness of her bottom pushing into him.

'How d'you like it, being back at school?' he asked.

'Not much,' she said calmly. 'Got to work like hell this year, or

I won't get my 'A' levels. Then it'll be goodbye to university, if I don't get them.'

'Yes, I s'pose it will.' He poured the tea, handed her a cup. 'Sit down then.'

He took the only chair. She sat on the bed.

'This didn't used to be here,' she said, patting the bed.

'No. It's just that I've been going up to Covent Garden a bit more lately, and sometimes it's easier to sleep here when I've got to get up at four o'clock in the morning.'

'Oh, I see.'

She sat with her knees together, the cup enclosed between the enveloping fingers of both hands. Her skin, especially on her cheeks, had a fresh, youthful bloom about it, the dampness heightening the effect.

'Your blazer wet?' he asked.

'Yes, it is a bit.'

'Take it off then, you'll catch a cold if you sit there like that.'

She put her tea on the floor and stood up. The pleated skirt reached no more than two thirds of the way down her thighs.

'There's a nail behind you,' he said, 'over the bed.'

'Thanks.'

The springs creaked as she turned and knelt on the bed to hank her jacket up. Some pens clattered to the floor, falling down between the bed and the wall.

'Sod it!' she said, mildly.

Her thighs looked just as slim and suntanned as he'd remembered them. She rummaged around, careless of his eyes. The white stretch of her school knickers caught him by surprise again, full and taut, cutting across the roundness of each cheek, biting gently into the softness, puckering between her legs as she moved.

He caught her eyes as she got back up from retrieving the pens. They were bright and alive.

She sat down again. Her blouse too was obviously wet, especially around the collar, the tie neat and bright red against the white. She kicked off her shoes and curled her legs under her on the bed, leaning back against the wall. She brushed her hair back from her face with a hand, her movements graceful and precise, an automatic gesture.

Keith glanced up at the clock. A quarter past three. He wondered.

'So, how come you're over this way?' he asked, 'come to see me, did you?'

'Kind of,' she seemed unsure of herself again.

'How d'you mean?'

'Nothing. I just thought I'd pop in, that's all. See how business was.'

'Oh.' He looked pointedly at the clock again. 'Shouldn't you be in school though?'

She smiled, defensively. 'So? I'm not a kid anymore, am I? I don't have to go if I don't want to.'

'So you're hopping off then? Eh?'

'What d'you mean?'

'Playing truant?'

'No. I just didn't fancy school this afternoon, that's all.'

It was Keith's turn to smile. She smiled back, and looked even prettier as her teeth showed between her pink lips. The folding of her skirt in her lap, the push of her young breasts beneath the white blouse, tempted him. Tempted him to say something provocative. He swallowed the sudden lump in his throat and, greatly daring, risked saying it.

'You'll get your bum smacked if they catch you,' he said, knowing it wasn't true.

She could have said 'Fat chance!' Or, 'That kind of thing doesn't happen anymore, y'know.'

Instead she said: 'I'll have to hope they don't catch me then, won't I?'

She readjusted herself on the bed. The insides of her thighs disclosed themselves briefly.

He teased her, sensing that he might get away with it. 'So you mean I'll have to keep this dreadful secret all to myself.' He watched her eyes. He added, pushing his luck: 'Just so you don't get your pants taken down for being a bad girl.' Taking the chance of saying it seemed quite exciting, in a mild way.

Her eyes avoided his, but came back again. 'So you'd better keep the secret then,' she said quietly.

He smiled just so that he could pretend it was fun. 'Of course. Price might be high though.'

She seemed strangely serious as she looked at him. She didn't reply.

They sat in silence for a bit, until Keith felt a little awkward, unsure whether he'd said the wrong thing.

'Want some more tea?' he offered, after a while.

'No thanks.' She loosened her tie, and tugged at the damp collar, pulling a face as she did so.

'That's damp too,' he said.

'So's my skirt,' she said. He thought about that, wondering what she might mean. He decided that perhaps there was nothing in it after all.

'Take it off, if you like,' he said.

She looked at him, unabashed.

'What? My blouse?'

'Yes.' The thrill came again. 'Or your skirt.'

She said: 'There's not much point is there?' Her eyes were alive again. 'I mean, not unless they could be dried off. Otherwise there's no point,' she repeated.

He watched her expression. She didn't seem to be offended. 'We could dry them near the heater,' he said, reasonably.

She seemed to take him seriously. 'I s'pose so,' she answered.

Each of them pretended to smile about it.

'Well then—' she said, 'if you think it's a good idea—'

He nodded. Then thought perhaps he ought to say something as well. 'Yes. I don't mind — if you want to, that is.'

There came a brief hiatus. Sally plucked absently at a button, looked back at him again. He got the feeling that it was a point of no return for her.

'Alright then, if you're sure?' Her voice sounded husky as she said it.

'Yes.' He half-turned away, as unsure of himself as he was excited, busying himself with the catch of a window that was letting in a damp draught. He saw her stand up, loosening the tie and unbuttoning the blouse. The crisp white of her little bra shone against the healthy glow of her skin. She didn't take the blouse off at once. He saw her fingers go to her hip, heard the snap of a fastener, the grating slide of the zip.

She stepped carefully out of her skirt. The tan of her legs slid seductively up under the elastic of her knickers. She stooped, the white pants pulling tight across

the back. She stood up again, looking at him a little dubiously, until he realised he was sitting on the only chair. He got up, and placed the chair by the heater.

'Thanks.' The skirt was hung over the chair, its dark folds heavy and damp.

For something to say, he remarked: 'I wonder how that got so wet? Under your mac, I mean.'

She grinned, easing the weight of their mutual uncertainty. 'The rain goes up your legs on a bike, silly.'

He smiled in his turn. 'Oh, I see. Didn't think of that.'

He rearranged the chair by the heater, unnecessarily. Her thigh brushed the back of his hand, firm but soft. Smooth. He pushed his luck again. 'So you got wet knickers too then?' he asked, the thrill alive in his loins.

She said nothing, but met his eyes for a moment. The grin had faded to a smile, then to soft lips, a little apart, moist and kissable. He realised with another start that now, perhaps because of what he'd said, or perhaps not, anyway now she was going to take them off too. Her knickers.

He watched as she tucked a finger into the elastic either side of her hips, puckering the white pants across her stomach, drawing them down around the tops of her thighs. Coarse, crinkly hair curled invitingly at the base of her belly. The elastic in the legs made the knickers drag back as she tugged them down her thighs, pulling them inside out. She slipped her feet free, half-turning away from him, her smooth buttocks rounding into sweeping curves as she bent forward.

She didn't look at him as she stood up with the knickers in her hand, her bottom tried coyly to hide its heavy cheeks under the downward overlap of her blouse. He found himself moving to her, standing behind, a hand slipping under one cheek, cupping its weight, patting, fondling. She didn't move away. Her bottom was warm and solid in his palm, the cleft between soft and secret. He reached round in front of her with both hands, sliding his fingers down the fold of her groin on either side. She breathed out, heavily and slowly, and seemed to move back into him, as if melting at his touch.

He turned her towards him, his mouth seeking her lips, then slipping down to her neck. She seemed to be suddenly out of breath, the rhythmic pants loud in his ear, and the whispered words: 'Please! I've waited — so long.'

The twang of the makeshift bed had never sounded more welcoming, accepting the two of them as if they were old friends. The blouse seemed to flutter of its own accord up to her shoulders, the clip snapping willingly free behind her back, a solid little nipple thrust itself between his teeth, demanding attention.

Her round, solid bum jostled in his hands, squeezing up and into him, her tightness yielding, caressing his entry. Her hips rolled from side to side, her eyes glinted from under half-closed lids, sweet mouth pleading for his tongue.

She gasped her frantic excitement as the rhythm built, thrusting and grinding the two of them together as if only the rhythm

itself existed, honing the pleasure to a fine, keenly knifing point before releasing them, he in a rigid, jerking tension, she with a squeal and a sob of passion which s i g h e d endlessly against his rough cheek.

After a while, they realised that the rain had stopped. The faint haze of steam had ceased to rise from her skirt, draped over the chair. And a little later, in a slow, infinitely gentle way, he eased her again back up the slippery slope to another long, mounting climax. Her bottom wormed easily against his belly, her thighs spread wide, and wider, until she was spread-eagled, panting and face down against the blankets, his hands round and under her breasts, kneading, stroking, clutching as he too revisited the heights of ecstasy with her.

They lay together in the growing dusk, not needing to say anything. She stirred against him, the soft touch of her breast stroking his side. His arm around her cossetted and protected, and she seemed like a child again.

'Better than getting spanked, for playing truant, wasn't it?' he said, patronising her gently.

She seemed to think about that.

'Depends who does it,' she said, enigmatically.

'What d'you mean? Who've you been spanked by then, eh?' The calm seriousness in her voice had surprised him.

'Mr Tibbett,' she said, simply.

'Mr Tibbett? You mean old Mr Tibbett who runs the paper shop down in the village?'

'Yes, him.'

'But why? I mean, why did you let him?'

She stirred again. One thing smoothed across his as she rolled part way onto him.

'I used to work for him,' she said. 'Before I came to work for you. He caught me nicking, and that's why he spanked me. I didn't have much choice, did I?'

He didn't know quite what to say.

'He took me out the back after he closed one night. I had to take my knickers down, and then — well, he wallopped me.'

'Just like that?' Keith sounded amazed.

'Yep. Made me cry.'

'But you liked it?'

'No, silly. Not with him.'

'Who with then?'

She smiled in the gathering gloom. 'I'm not sure I want to say,' she teased.

'Come on. Who else has spanked you?'

She giggled, her slim young body shaking slightly against his. Then she stopped her giggling, and lay quietly beside him again.

'Anyway, he turns me on,' she said, with an air of finality.

'Does he?' Keith prompted.

Sally changed the subject slightly, nuzzling against his neck. 'You didn't know I nicked things, did you?'

'No,' he admitted. 'You never have from me, anyway.'

'How d'you know?' she asked, sweetly.

He thought about it, mystified. 'D'you mean you have?' he asked at last.

'Might have, she said, and giggled again. Her full, smooth buttocks moved on the bed, brushing his hand. 'P'raps you ought to spank me yourself. Just in case.'

He had the feeling she was serious. With finger and thumb he took a fat pinch of her bottom and squeezed it. She squealed obligingly, but with a muted, im-protesting sound, and she moved her bottom away from his hand, sliding up on top of him. Her plump cheeks fitted comfortably into his cupped palms and she squirmed her hips, her soft belly rubbing titillatingly against him. Her whispered words breathed tantalisingly into his ear.

'You going to smack me then? Eh? Are you?'

He found the words somehow. 'Yes. I am.'

He spanked, quite hard, bringing first one hand and then the other down on her strong, resilient buttocks. He felt them bounce with every slap. The flat, cracking sound of the smacks rang in the little room, and her short, sharp gasps hissed into his ear.

Then her hand was groping across his belly, down between them, helping him to slip in again. He slapped harder, suddenly finding pleasure and excitement in her quick, squirming movements, and her soft, breathless whimpers close by his cheek. She cried out, the slaps came harder, faster. She pumped unashamedly up and down on him, riding the climax flat out, not pausing even though she was out of breath, drowning him with her milking the ultimate release from the sound and sting and sheer excitement of his hard hands cracking against her helpless, juggling cheeks. She sobbed a long, gasping sigh, twitching in her ecstasy, giving him the cue and taking him with her into another long, shuddering climax.

He helped her find her clothes in the darkness, not wanting to switch on the light, unsure whether he would find a child or a woman if he did.

Her lips were still soft, still moist as he kissed her goodbye. He listened to the tick of her bike as she wheeled it through the puddles and down the path.

She sailed 'Goodnight' quietly, from down by the gate.

'See you again?' he called. He didn't know if she heard him.

The red light winked out as she rode away out of sight.

MANDY

I had never done this kind of thing before, but working three evenings a week as a waitress in such a posh restaurant sounds good to tell your friends. But my reason was different.

I am a show-off at heart, and the thought of all those eyes looking at my legs gave me a big thrill. Of course, it wasn't just the men that looked, and I was surprised at the effect it had on me when I saw women eyeing me too. I kidded my friends that the short skirt and frilly knickers were embarrassing to wear, but I knew I'd never been so happy in my life before as I was parading around half-naked to the world in this socially accepted outfit.

Being a club rule 'not to touch the merchandise' did please me at first, but I soon noticed the other girls let the customers touch their thighs and pinch their bums and things, when they knew they'd get a bigger tip. Pretty soon I found myself getting the urge to be patted and pinched — not that I needed the extra cash — but this whole situation was bringing out all kinds of new sexual sensations for me.

So I chose my admirers on my way round the tables. I would sidle up to them at the appropriate times, when I thought no one was looking, and lean over at a convenient distance, to allow them to fondle my bottom while serving their soup course, and pretend to be surprised. I would give a little jump, making sure his or her partner had not seen anything and follow this with a twinkling smile — to reflect my pleasure. This being the first course it gave them plenty of time and I gave them the opportunity to repeat their admiring appreciation of my legs and tempting behind.

I had never ever enjoyed myself so much and the satisfaction at being so widely admired by so many made me wiggle around and bend over lower than I ever had before.

Even the other restaurant staff seemed to be more friendly and passed some quite rude remarks when I dropped some cutlery one day. So I made the most of that too, and made a habit of dropping things or brushing past the other staff closer than necessary. I *was* enjoying myself, and look at all those people I was pleasing, and I did it all so discreetly.

But I was making one big mistake — while I was being so careful not to let other customers see my well-planned enjoyments — there was one person I had forgotten to hide from, the one person I should have played up to all along — the head waiter.

While I was lapping up all this attention, I hadn't realised he was watching me and wanting to touch me too. But he chose his moment to let me know.

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It was a quiet night just after Christmas so he let half the waitresses leave early, knowing full well I'd volunteer to stay late. He called me over to give me the new menus, as he'd decided to cut out some dishes. So I went with him to his office to collect them.

'After you,' he stood back and let me pass in front of him and suddenly I was landed with such a slap on my bottom. Well, that was nice I thought, but said: 'Ouch,' and spun round to see whether his face was pleased with his gesture or was I going to get a telling off? He actually giggled. 'Bit harder than usual was it?' he was obviously pleased with himself!

'I don't know what you mean,' I said, wondering just how much he'd seen.

'Well it's only the customer/staff rule this "look but don't touch" you know. No rules between staff, I've made sure of that.'

'Oh, I wasn't complaining, you just took me by surprise.' I thought I'd better not cross him, and anyway I *had* enjoyed it.

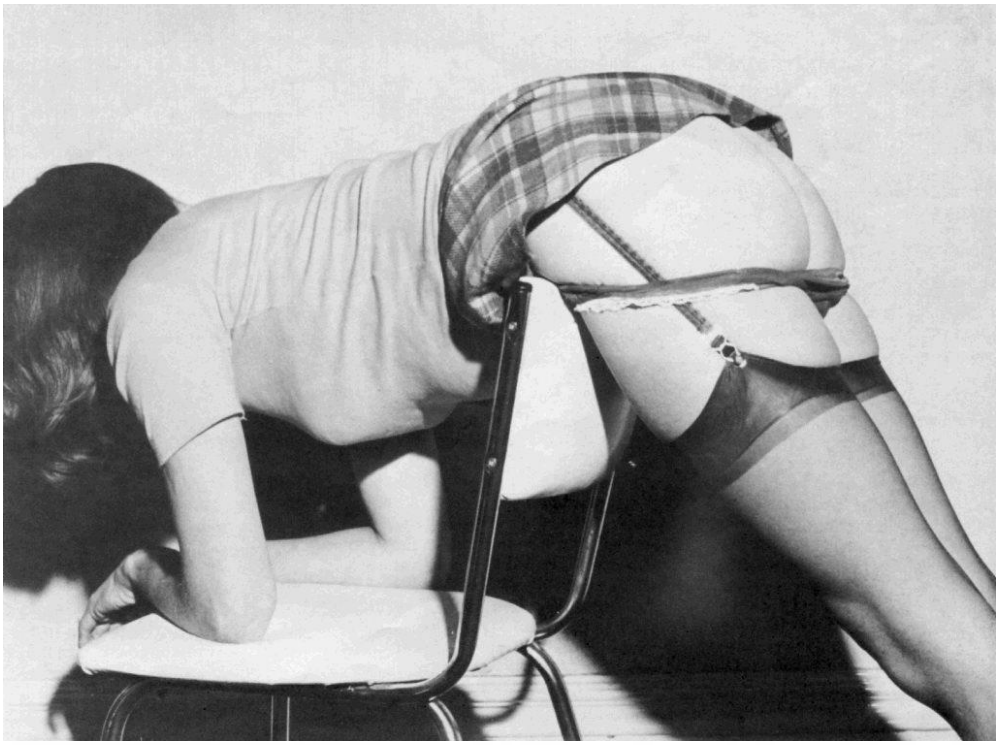
'That's good,' he smiled and gave me a gentle push on my bum to get me into the office. Once inside he shut the door.

'I have never inspected you properly, have I?'

'Inspected?' I wondered what he meant exactly.

'Your uniform — for size and appearance I mean, stand over there and turn round slowly.'

This was bliss, individual and complete attention, and he wasn't a bad looking guy either. I tried to look shy and appealing. I had



no ambitions of being a beauty queen type — they've got that 'untouchable' look!

'Mmm, it looks different when you're standing still, walk around a bit.'

So I walked round his desk, then when I got to his waste-paper bin, he said: 'Stop! Pick the bin up for me.'

Then I realised what he wanted — I bent right over and then he walked up to me: 'Stay down there where you are. My, no wonder all those customers have such a good time. Do you know the restaurant is more profitable on your nights on than the rest of the week? Everybody seems to eat more when you're serving, or at least order more courses, and no wonder. Has anyone ever told you what a lovely bum you have?'

'Well, no, not in so many words.' This was true, nobody had actually talked about it before!

'It's unfortunate you have to go back right now, but I can't really spare you.' As he said this both his hands landed softly one on each of my cheeks and squeezed them with the fullness of his hands very firmly and warmly. The sensation was different and sent tingles up my spine. Then he fondled my thighs, still with both hands. Then the stinging smack on the bottom. I shot up with a start.

'I don't like you girls flaunting yourselves in front of the customers like you do. But in the circumstances, you do have quite a number of regular customers so it's worth keeping you on.'

I was bewildered by this new superior attitude. He'd seemed so friendly at first, enjoying me like the rest. Then I realised he was probably testing me to see if I resisted. When you think about it, if the other girls just let the customers touch them for the tip afterwards, it's likely they didn't enjoy it as much as me. I suppose in that case, if Mr Carey, the Head Waiter, had approached the others as he had me, they might have slapped his face or something. Perhaps it was a nice surprise for him that I was so good. Anyway, it had been a nice surprise for me, and that was all that was important at the time.

'I don't want to leave Sir, but you can't be rude to the customers you know.'

'It doesn't pay to ignore your head waiter either. Well take these menus before someone starts screaming for them. We'll

have to continue your inspection later.'

I patted my hair to be sure it looked tidy when I left, and smiled my twinkling smile, well rehearsed by now.

'Of course,' I said, 'I hadn't ignored you, you know. But I don't encourage the customers. With these uniforms they can't resist trying to touch us, you must have noticed?'

'Well, I have eyes too! Go on, hurry back and I'll expect to see you in here before you go home.'

Another shove on my behind, this time he made sure my skirt was up, so his hand felt quite solid, with just my cotton knickers between his palm and my wobbly flesh.

I felt quite flushed when I got back onto the restaurant floor and had to hurry round with the new menus as the new set of customers arrived. It took me a little time before I regained my usual rhythm and I was preoccupied the rest of the night with my new-found admirer. I was disappointed that he didn't appear at all, as I was really looking forward to the knowledge that his eyes would be on me all the time. So when the last of my customers had left and I had cleared everything, I made my way to the staff room to change before going to see Mr Carey.

'This way please, Mandy.' I heard his voice from behind me. I looked round to make certain no one else could see where I was going and as though walking on air, I followed him to his room again.

Had he been watching me without me knowing? I wondered. He must have, or how would he have known when I was coming? Somehow I knew this would be a new kind of experience. I was quite excited. I remembered his hands squeezing my bum and the tingles of pleasure when he touched my thighs. Before, when the customers touched me and the staff said rude things, it was always in a crowded place, but now I was ready for the next step.

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I wouldn't say that I was sore after my spanking, but it really did sting, and it must have been very red. I wondered if there were any hand marks on my bottom. I could hardly wait to go and look in the mirror.

I was still on my knees and now Mr Carey lifted his arm from my back so that I could get to my feet. He sat back in his chair and put his feet up on the desk. He looked me up and down as though undressing me slowly with his eyes.

'I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did,' he said very knowingly.

I suppose anybody else would have been annoyed to get such a smacking without any other reason except: 'You've got a lovely bum.' I wasn't sure exactly how to react to his remark. I didn't

want to appear too easy, but on the other hand I didn't want to discourage him!

'Was I supposed to enjoy it?' I heard myself saying.

'Well, it would surprise me if you didn't. Come on, pull them down, let's see the result.'

Tingles ran down my spine again. Here was someone who really turned me on. I had my back towards him, slipped a hand under my skirt and yanked the elastic down over my cheeks to the top of my thighs and bent over a little.

'You're a good girl. I ought to reward you more often.'

'Thank you sir,' I said smilingly and with a bob-curtsy.

I heard him spin on his chair and his feet hit the floor as his hands grabbed me round the waist. I was pulled round and over his lap.

WHACK!! One cracking palm stung me on my bare bottom, before I had time to realise what he was doing.

'Ouch! — What's going . . . '

'Mandy, you're too irresistable. We can't have you going home with the job only half done!'

With one hand between me and his legs, squeezing my breasts and tickling my ribs with his finger-tips, and the other patting me gently between the loud smacks, I could have got up at any time. But I had no desire but to lie there bouncing up and down in pure enjoyment.

His hand slipped down my top and his fingers wriggled about my tits, pinching my nipples and prodding the flesh in rhythm with the patting the other end.

I could tell that he knew I was wallowing in absolute pleasure. My bottom jogged up and down obediently with the slapping of his big, firm hand.

'Ow!' and 'Oh!' slipped out when the smacks made their mark on my bare buttocks. My breasts were kneaded and squeezed, pinched and fondled. My whole body wriggled with excitement.

I felt completely relaxed and exhilerated with this experience.

'You've got a lovely bottom,' he would say when another sharp slap stung my reddening cheeks.

Then patted and stroked them, coaing me to wriggle with the anticipation of another series of playful smacks.

My knickers were still tight under my cheeks until, with the next SMACK! I lurched forward then backwards with the shove of his other hand. Now, with a palm pressed tightly under one breast, the other gently eased my knickers down my legs. I kicked off my shoes as he slithered the cotton pants down my legs and his fingers tickled my thighs. He said: 'Down they come, down, down, down, down!' I worked them off my ankles and they were kicked away as another series of cracking slaps hit my unprepared bum with more force than before.

A strange new fieryness had gripped him — his slapping was stronger and his other hand was now holding me firmly with both my wrists pulled down towards the floor.

The fondling and patting had stopped, and the next ten minutes or so was his enjoyment. I found it physically exhausting and my bottom and thighs were getting more and more sore. Each slap hurt more than the last. I wriggled then pulled, then jumped up and down, and side to side, trying to avoid his stinging palm. My pleas and objections didn't have any effect.

I bounced off his lap completely twice. The first time, he shot his slapping hand under my belly, picked me off the carpet , bottom upwards, and placed me back on his legs without saying a thing.

The second time, he knelt down, pinning my legs down to the ground with one of his knees. He grabbed a ruler from the desk and struck my left cheek with such a BANG! that I tried to jump up, but had no option but to lay there, writhing on the floor under his heavy grasp, taking several WHACKS! and CRACKS! with the pain penetrating my sore, sore bottom.

'Oh no!' WHACK! 'Owwww!'

'Don't — no more, no, no.' CRACK! 'Ahhh.'

Then he spoke: 'One more for luck.'

At that I cried out again. 'Stop please, PLEASE, I can't take any more.' Tears filled my eyes as I buried my face into the carpet.

SWACK!

The last blow hit my burning cheeks with a resounding sting. He let my hands go, and I encircled my head with my arm, trying to stifle the sobs.

My bum was numb but my thighs were burning. My body collapsed with utter fatigue. I lay there for some time half dazed.

'Oh Mandy, Mandy, you're marvellous.' His voice entered my weary stupor. Somehow he eased my aching body from the floor and he stood there with his arms clasped gently round my waist. He cupped my bum cheeks in his large, strong hands. He rubbed me fondly, pressing himself closely to me, my breasts sinking into his chest so softly. I wa nearly tempted to respond to this invitation, but knew I had to give him something to look forward to. And anyway, I was pretty tired. I gave him a peck on his cheek. 'I feel better now, thank you.'

He smiled, as though understanding my gesture. He let me go. 'You'd better get ready to go home, now you've recovered my dear.' He spoke softly and then stroked my bottom gently. It still felt numb — but I began to feel myself again, with a certain glow about me.

As I dressed, he half-busied himself in the office, putting things away, but still glancing at me periodically.

'Well, how d'you feel then?' he asked as I was putting my jeans on with some difficulty.

'Strange,' I said, 'I feel strange. You could say I'm glowing all over.'

I eased the seat of my jeans over my injured behind, but decided not to try and do them up just yet.

'Hmmm, good description!' he smiled, putting on his overcoat.

'You were very fierce, I mean I wasn't expecting a real pasting you know?'

'It's for your own good dear.'

'But I thought you said I was a good girl?' I had to stand up, even though the chair looked so inviting.

'Yes, that's the point.'

I looked up at him quizically, still holding on to the waist of my jeans to keep them from falling down!

'Well, you're such a good girl, one day someone's going to take advantage of you.'

'I may be good, but I'm also careful.' I tried to sound reassuring.

'Yes, but our customers are no saints, and some day you're going to be temped by one of them.'

'Me? Oh no!'

'Well, you've had plenty of invitations I'm sure. You don't have to answer that. I didn't have you here to chastise you.' He walked over and patted my poor bottom again. 'It's too pretty a bum to be mistreated.' I was still puzzled but didn't want to appear stupid.

'Come on, I'll take you home and explain properly in the car.' He waved me out of the door, and I carried my uniform to the Staff Room. 'If you put your coat on, you won't have to do your jeans up yet.' He sounded as if this wasn't the first time he'd hurt a poor girl's bottom.

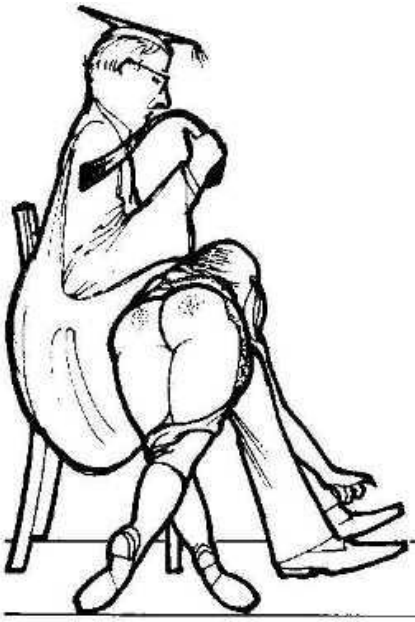
I was astounded with his cold calculated reasoning. I had been right, he had had trouble with the other girls, although he didn't say so in so many words.

'When you're out for all you can get from the customers, you know the ones who can afford to take liberties,' was the way he told me the other waitresses played it. But in my case, he said, I doubled their pleasure by actually enjoying it, so pretty soon, he reasoned, I would feel the necessity to extend that enjoyment, and to discover a more fulfilling experience.

'Some girls need putting down a peg or two when they're working under me, if you see what I mean,' he said with a smile. I thought I saw! 'But you'll find it a pleasure, after tonight, I know you will!'

Had I not gained this valuable and rewarding experience from him, I might never have appreciated the extent of the possibilities open to me. He made it quite clear that I would not find it necessary to go elsewhere for my satisfaction. For himself, he would enjoy it all the more, watching others trying to lure me away, knowing that all the while he would be the one to administer the fulfilling experience.

And so it was, Little Miss Mandy would be getting her sexual emotions stirred up by his customers, ready for the eventual satisfaction waiting for her in the Head Waiter's room. The plan certainly did have a happy ending!



SUSAN

'Four-thirty sharp after school then young lady,' she heard the headmaster's voice as if it were in another room, 'and I mean sharp, don't keep me waiting.' Mr Watkins ushered the pretty young girl out of his study door into the old corridor of the Edwardian wing of the co-ed Grammar School, and for twenty seconds or so he peered over his half-rimmed spectacles at the retreating figure walking slowly and disconsolately back towards the newer part of the building.

To his pupils Mr Watkins was quite an awe-inspiring, austere man of about sixty, invariably thought to be lacking in human warmth; a stern disciplinarian of the 'old school', a 'just beast' as most of the boys and girls described him. Every pupil without exception would have been astounded to have been able to read what was going through Mr Watkins' mind as he followed intently the trim figure of Susan Miller as she disappeared from view; he almost regretted not having dealt with her on the spot rather than having to wait seven hours at least before that entrancing little rump would be jiggling bared, rosy, and tingling across his knees.

Still, it had its compensations; he would have all day to imagine Susan's thoughts whilst she had to go through her usual routine of class-work, and there was a decided twitch in his trousers at the thought of the evening's 'duty' in store for him.

After all, it wasn't every day he managed to find a really cast-iron excuse to strap one of the older girls these days, and even when he did they were usually so unattractive and so upset by the whole procedure that any pleasure he might have derived from the proceedings was evanescent. He had a shrewd suspicion that things would be very different with the young lady he would be dealing with tonight. Her looks and sultry pouts virtually told him that she was ripe for just what he had in mind after school. What a good thing it was that his study was so secluded, especially after hours. Mr Watkins closed the study door with a sense of real satisfaction, even for a confirmed bachelor a headmaster's duties still had their little bonuses from time to time.

Satisfaction was a long way from Susan's mind as she sat at the desk in 5B classroom and tried in vain to concentrate her mind on what Miss Rawlings was explaining so lucidly about the procreative cycle of the bee. She should have worked harder last term, there was no doubt about that. Then she needn't have tried to cheat in the end of term exam, and she wouldn't have run the stupid risk of being caught.

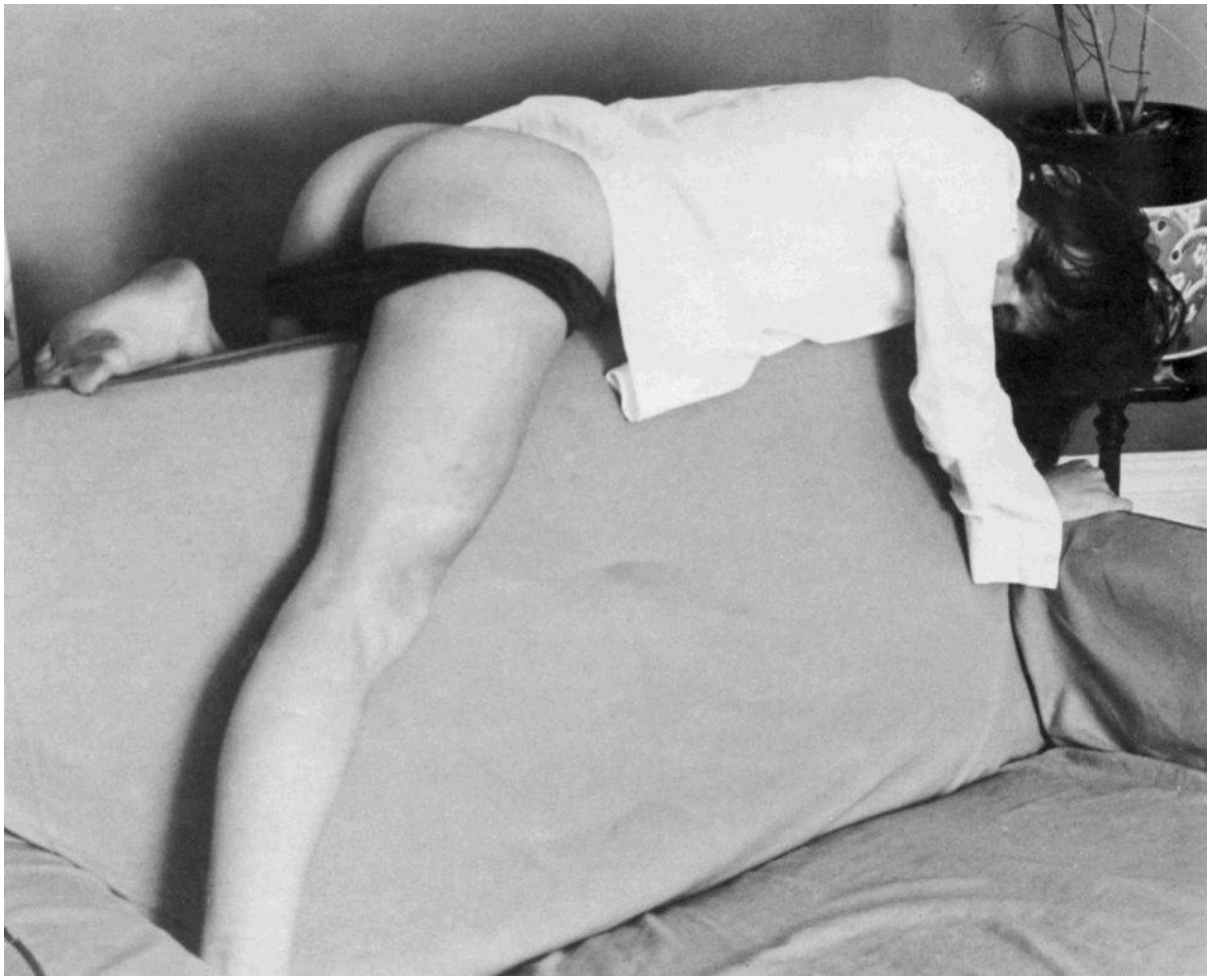
Being caught was bad enough, but being reported to old Watkins was awful. He'd been so serious about it too, she hadn't realised just how sanctimonious and righteous he was about such things, though she might have guessed from his face. He went on and on so, lecturing away — blah — blah — until she'd have done anything just to stop his py-jawing. All she could think of doing was to stand there with her head bowed and her hands behind her back, twisting her little hanky, occasionally peeping up at him through her eyelashes. She hadn't really paid a lot of attention to what he was saying exactly, until suddenly she heard him bark out—

'Look at me girl.'

He hadn't spoken loudly, but the precise way in which he said it had made her feel quite goose-fleshy with fright, and he looked so severe now.

'So, Susan, what I have decided is to either expel you, in which case you'll have no exam results next term, and you won't be able to go to the training college, or give you the choice of coming back this evening for a good dose of the strap. Now which is it to be?'

Slowly the meaning of what he had just said sank into Susan's consciousness; expel . . . no exams . . . no college . . . the strap. 'God, he really means it . . . the strap . . . he can't . . . I'm



sixteen . . . I know he straps the girls sometimes . . . but he couldn't . . . str-str-strap a girl of my age . . . I'll be expelled. No . . . no . . . I can't, Mum'll kill me . . . I'll have to plead with him.'

Mr Watkins' deliberate voice interrupted Susan's b e m u s e d thoughts abruptly.

'Come along young lady, don't keep me waiting all day. What's it to be then? A short sharp lesson, or expulsion?'

Susan stuck her lower lip out in a sulky pout, and her words came out in a quiet, almost inaudible whisper.

'I don't want to be expelled.' Then as an afterthought, she added reluctantly . . . 'Sir.'

Mr Watkins couldn't help smiling inwardly at the way Susan had announced her decision, but he was determined to stretch out the interview to increase her shame.

'I don't want to hear just what it is you don't want, Susan, tell me what exactly you do want at once.'

Susan's face was a picture, she could feel the warmth of her blush rising up from her shoulders towards her neck above the collar of her white cotton blouse.

'I want you . . . to . . . to . . . str-str . . .' she stammered with her mouth dry, and her tongue trying ineffectually to moisten her quivering lips.

'Speak up girl,' the Head prompted, 'I can't hear what you are saying.'

'. . . want you to strap me,' she blurted out in a rush, wishing there was a trap-door in the floor so that she could disappear from his piercing eyes.

Mr Watkins gave a little rub of his hands together, but he wasn't satisfied yet.

'You want me to strap you, do you? Might I enquire where you think I am going to strap you, on what exact part of your anatomy, young lady? Tell me that please.'

During the ensuing silence Mr Watkins couldn't help but feel some sympathy for the blushing teenager as she stood there wriggling her feet on the carpet. After about thirty seconds, which seemed to Susan like as many minutes, he took pity on her inability to say what she must have realised was in store for her.

'As you seem to have nothing to say,' he said, 'I want you to report to me here after school. Make sure you change into the knickers you normally wear for tennis, you can collect them from the changing room at lunch-time. I invariably make a point of strapping girls only after they are wearing really thin tight brief panties, make sure you comply with that rule. Off you go now.'

Susan stumbled blindly through the study door which Mr Watkins was holding open for her. She could feel the hot shameful tears running down her cheeks, and as she walked down the corridor she had to brush the hair back from her tear-stained eyes.

All that had happened that morning came back with the vividness of reality, as Susan heard the bell that signalled the end of school for that day. School always finished at four-fifteen, and Susan lingered on in the loo of the cloakroom until the sounds of her fellow pupils had disappeared. She knew her Mum wouldn't be home until after eleven tonight as it was her late shift at the sweet factory where she worked as a chocolate packer. Dad was at sea for the next two months, so no one would know what time she got home from school. Susan was well aware that the Head knew these facts only too well.

The apprehension of the day had actually made her have to ask to be excused from class twice, but whilst she was changing her thick blue school pants for her clean white cotton tennis briefs she knew she would have to 'pee' again before her strapping. As she pulled up the rather too brief white panties she felt a shudder of anticipatory fright tremble her thighs.

Susan quickly stuffed the blue gym knickers into her satchel, and peered anxiously out of the cloakroom door. To her intense relief the corridor was deserted both of pupils and staff, the last thing she wanted was to have to tell anyone why she was still in the school.

Although she didn't really want to go too quickly towards the Head's study, she was forced by the circumstances to walk smartly and silently through the two corridors which linked the newer part of the school to the old grim, austere, Edwardian block which was occupied solely by the Headmaster and his secretary, Miss Winton.

Miss Winton had been delighted when Mr Watkins had given her the opportunity to leave at 3 pm. to catch up with her shopping. A spinster of nearly fifty, she had been with the Head for fifteen years now, and had a shrewd suspicion that Mr Watkins always gave her the afternoon off when he was going to chastise one of the girls. Miss Winton thoroughly approved of the strap for the young hussies around this school; she would have been delighted to give the Head a hand if he'd asked her; as it was, it was the least she could do to make sure he had the right conditions to 'strap them properly, as they deserved'.

Susan gave a long sigh of relief as her luck held, and she reached the safety of the door outside the Head's room, her breathing a little gasping as she summoned up the courage to knock on the door. At the very moment when she was about to rap gently on the oak panel the door opened, and Mr Watkins peered over his half-rimmed spectacles at the frightened girl.

Without a word Mr Watkins ushered Susan into his study, and shut the door behind her. Susan heard the faint click of the lock as the Head carefully turned the key. There was in fact no chance that anyone except the old, partly deaf school porter would be around at all by 4.30, but Mr Watkins was a careful man, and the last thing he wanted was any invasion of his privacy for the next hour. The task of ensuring complete privacy concluded, his next task was to lead the young girl over to near the fireplace.

Susan found herself contemplating the school trophies ranged along the mantelpiece, and the flickering flames of the Head's fire, whilst he opened one of the drawers of his desk. Suddenly she felt him come round behind her and stand with his back to the fire about two feet in front of her. She found her horrified gaze rivetted on the black two-tailed strap he held in front of her face, and as he ran the twin tails through the fingers of his left hand, almost, it seemed to Susan, with pleasure, her legs trembled in spite of all she tried to do to stop them.

'I don't think I have had to strap you before have I Susan?' queried the Head, knowing full well what her answer would be.

'You strapped me about three or four years ago,' whispered Susan.

'I had overlooked that occasion,' remarked Mr Watkins with a slight smile. 'Let me see, how old were you then?'

'Nearly thirteen, Sir,' answered Susan, who remembered only too vividly the smarting sting of the strap across her young buttocks.

'And how old are you now, Miss?' asked the Head in an oily voice.

'I'm just sixteen,' she said, almost in tears.

'And no doubt thinking that sixteen is much too old for a strapping I expect. Well I can tell you it isn't. Whilst a girl is at this school and under my control, serious m i s b e h a v i o u r, or naughtiness of the kind I find offensive, will inevitably lead to the sort of punishment I am about to give you: is that plainly understood?' His voice was sharp and severe in tone as he uttered these words.

'As you have been strapped before you will be familiar with my methods, just do as you're told, I want no disobedience or struggles, or I shall be forced to expel you after all, and I doubt whether your father and mother would approve of the conduct leading to your expulsion. Doubtless you agree?'

Mr Watkins walked slowly across the room towards a high-backed armless chair near to a bookcase, and stood there contemplating Susan in her short-skirted gym-slip, its tight belt throwing into prominence the fullness of her young hips, her school tie sliding down between the c l e a v a g e of her developing breasts, her white blouse, knee-length socks and barred black shoes setting off her schoolgirl image to perfection. Mr Watkins once again blessed the authorities who insisted on uniform for the school.

During the minute or so that he eyed Susan up and down, he consciously kept flicking the strap against his left palm, watching S u s a n ' s apprehensive eyes following the snaky ends of the thick black shiny strap. Suddenly it seemed to Susan that he remembered what he was about to do to her, and he sat quickly down on the chair, and put the strap on a low table in front of his legs.

'Come along Miss . . . it's time we started,' he said, and a crooked index finger beckoned Susan to his side.

Mr Watkins parted his trouser-clad thighs just enough to guide Susan's shaking legs between his knees, and then closed them firmly.

'You obeyed my instructions about your undergarments, I hope young lady?' Mr Watkins' voice was quite brusque.

Susan nodded as she heard her distant voice emit a hoarse, croaky 'Yes . . . sir.'

'Be so kind as to lift your skirt up, so that I may inspect your choice, and find out for myself whether they meet with my approval.'

Susan felt a hot blush erupt over her face as she slowly lifted the hem of her gym-slip higher and higher under the Head's instructions, until she had her clothes bunched up in front around her slim waist.

Mr Watkins' steely eyes were fixed on the revealing display of rounded creamy thighs which promised more and more as the hem went higher. Susan's panties were thin cotton and clung tautly to her contours, and as the Headmaster reached behind her hips and clasped her thinly covered bottom cheeks in his hands, she stiffened her body, and he felt her buttocks nip tight.

'Oh please . . . no . . . no . . . please sir . . . oh . . . don't . . . oh don't . . . oh no, not my . . . oooh . . .' Susan was near to tears as she pleaded in vain to stop him from slowly peeling her panties down over her hips, deliberately holding them down at the front with both hands and staring with hawk-like eyes up to the top of her briefs where they had stuck clingingly to her damp thighs on the chubby insides. Susan felt the hot waves of blushing shame flood over her averted face, and then she felt the final ignominy of her partial stripping as his fingers eased her knickers down from the insides of her tightly held thighs. Mr Watkins pretended to find this difficult and his slow fumblings somehow managed to allow him to repeatedly and apparently as if by accident brush his finger-tips across the soft fair hairs of her pubic mound, and gently titillate the outer lips of her pussy and the softly curved tops of her chubby thighs.

When he had lowered her panties down to mid-thigh, and seemed at last to be completely satisfied with the amount of girlish flesh he had bared, the Head parted his legs enough to allow Susan to obey his order to—

'Come round to my right side, and bend well down across my knees girl.'

Poor Susan quickly did as she was told, her relief at no longer having her most intimate girlish secrets on display under Mr Watkins' eyes and fingers, quite a little reduced by the thought that other vulnerable parts of her charms were both visible and highly palpable.

The Headmaster, who had thought that his previous pleasure during Susan's preparation was a definite highlight in his career, was rapidly discovering that having a semi-naked pretty teenaged blonde girl wriggling into different positions across his trouser-clad thighs became a sensual experience of unusual quality.

The next minute or so was devoted entirely to placing Susan in the most perfect position for her strapping, and she was completely unable to understand why, when he had adjusted her and patted her into a certain seemingly satisfactory place across his lap, he had to start all over again. After what seemed to Susan an eternity of suspense, the Headmaster seemed satisfied at last. By then Susan was straddled across his spread knees, her breasts just beyond his left thigh, and her soft tummy and the folds of her gym-slip skirt between his parted legs. His left hand held her shoulders down firmly across his

left leg, and she was commanded to—

'Press hard up with your fingers and toes Miss, and get that bottom really high up — right up now, and keep it up whilst I'm strapping you so that I can give you a really good spanking.'

Susan by now was ready to do anything if only he would get it over with, and she pushed her bottom higher and higher, aided by Mr Watkins' right leg lifting her a little.

'Good . . . good girl . . . keep your bottom up like that . . . exactly as I want it—'

Susan felt his right hand running over her smooth, cool cheeks, and she just couldn't stop them tautening in nervous anticipation of her smacking.

'Do try to relax your buttocks Susan,' she heard him murmur softly, and he went on fondling her pertly chubby bottom cheeks whilst he went on talking gently to her, almost like a father.

'I don't really want to have to strap you Susan, you know, and make your pretty little bottom smart and tingle. I know you're going to wriggle and kick and cry a lot, but I must do my duty you know.'

There was a short pause, the room silent except for the plaintive sound of Susan's sobbing tears as she began to cry, and then the 'SPLATTTT' of the strap as the two tails landed dead centre of Susan's right cheek. It wasn't a hard stroke, Mr Watkins believed in working up to a climax with his chastisements, but it had the young girl wriggling like a cut worm across his thighs, and the Head noted with satisfaction that Susan's fair skin reddened nicely without too much effort on his part. His experienced judgement told him that a healthy tingling stinging smarting sensation would be what the young lady across his lap would be feeling right now as the prelude to what she had in store.

To Susan that first stroke of the stingy black strap had come as a surprise, by no means as gentle as the Headmaster thought it to be. All day she had keyed herself up for this strapping, and now it had started.

Mr Watkins took his time before he whacked the strap down hard across Susan's left cheek, waiting until some of the wriggling produced by the first crack of the twin thongs had died down, and the fresh stings across her untouched flesh elicited a tensed-up wiggle from her bottom and a sobbing protest from Susan which drowned the 'Splatt' of the third stroke.

He began to warm to the job in hand, and Susan's bottom started to rise and fall, wriggling like a samba under the steady sensual stimulation of the pliant leather. For the next two minutes or so the enclosing four walls of the study seemed full of Susan's almost continuous sobbing cries, punctuated every few seconds by high-pitched gasps as the tails of the tawse flicked wickedly across some particular exquisitely tender area of her chubby girlish thighs or buttocks.

The Headmaster knew full well how to lay a strap across a naughty teenager's cheeks in such a way that the creamy skin became uniformly rosy over the twin summits of her behind, and most masters would have then called it a day.

Not so for Mr Watkins. He deliberately paused for a minute to allow Susan to squirm entrancingly across his lap, too engrossed in her own misery to notice the rapidly hardening ridge in his trousers pressing up against her soft tummy. Slowly her sobbing grew less heart-rending as he let her think her ordeal was over, until with perfect timing, dead on cue, he held her really firmly down and restarted her strapping.

This time the Head was in earnest, and poor Susan began immediately to find out what a real strapping was all about. He had to use all of his skill and superior strength to keep Susan clamped down across his left thigh whilst her hips bounced around like twin beach balls with the rapid hard strokes of that strap.

By now Susan's cries were echoing round the study, and the Head was thankful that old Bert, the school porter, was almost stone deaf. He began to sense that despite Susan's movements she was starting to derive some strange sexual enjoyment from being chastised, her sobs were changing subtly from pain to pleasure and her jerking movements across his thighs were no longer the wild uncontrolled movements of a girl being punished. His eyes began to feast on the rhythmic contractions and relaxations of Susan's rosy buttocks; and then he began to strap her more gently, timing the strokes of the tawse so that the tails curled erotically across her cheeks.

Susan's legs began to straighten out in time with her other movements, thrusting her hips forwards across his hard right thigh and elevating her rounded red bottom up as if to meet the descending leather strap in mid-air. At each moment of impact there was a gasp from the young girl, and her thighs scissored in a state of tension before she subsided back across his knees, lying there crossing and uncrossing her feet, her fists clenched and her face distorted by the sobbing.

About ten fairly fast, light strokes of the strap were enough to bring her to a climax, and he felt Susan's hands grip his left leg tightly and felt her fingernails through the cloth of his trousers as she tautened like a drawn bow over his lap.

He stopped strapping her, and gazed avidly down at her buttocks, tense across his knees, her ankles crossing as she scissored her creamy thighs one against the other, gently rolling her rosy buttocks with the aftermath of her first erotic strapping. He extracted full measure from her plight until she had stopped sobbing except for the occasional sniff, and reluctantly he set her on her feet. For a full minute he kept her there standing on the carpet, her panties halfway down her sock-clad calves, and during the whole of the time he held the skirt of her gym-slip high up at the back with his right hand to display her stinging bottom, making her look back over her shoulder so that he could watch her tear-stained face as he lectured her.

'I hope you aren't going to be naughty again Susan, or I might have to give you another dose of the strap you know — now run along my dear, get dressed now, and may I suggest a warm bath and an early night in bed before your mother returns home.'

As Susan bent to pull up her knickers she felt a last little stingy slap across her tempting bum.

LULU

It took me a while to find her, of course. Girls like that don't simply fall out of heaven and into your clutches just because you've prayed for them. The failures came and went, gold diggers, tramps, nice girls going wrong. Bad girls pretending they were good, and ones pretending they were bad who never managed to stay the course. And none of them ever quite what I was looking for. Until LuLu.

I tried her out, more times than one, and she came up trumps every time. She was a natural. Naturally submissive, naturally charming, and naturally LuLu. At last all was ready. I could embark upon the task of educating her, my way.

She'd already begun to understand the rudiments of course. She'd learned, for instance, that 'slip your knickers down, there's a good girl,' didn't necessarily mean lying on her back with her legs spreadeagled. She'd got used to the idea that it might mean face down, on her tummy, with her bottom up in the air and waiting for a slapping.

She also knew about learning to shed her crocodile tears more or less on demand, having discovered very quickly that my idea of fun was spanking her so that she made a bit of a fuss. She'd learned that I didn't really want to hurt her, but that I liked to make her wriggle her bottom and squeal a little bit. In fact she'd got so good at it that she'd been rather overplaying it lately. Still, she was fun, and she amused my tiny mind well enough.

However, there was one little problem which I'd decided would have to be overcome, and the sooner the better. This concerned her rather spoil-sport point of view, which she had so far adhered to with dogged determination, that, while it was alright for me to play my little games with her, it wasn't alright for anyone else even to catch the merest glimpse of her knickers. This was, in a way, rather flattering I suppose. Nevertheless, it did tend to muck up my ideas about entertaining the odd friend now and then, by having LuLu across my knee with her pants down by way of an after-dinner diversion. Rupert had found it most embarrassing, in fact, especially when she'd called him a 'letcherous old sod'. I mean, the chap was a friend of mine, and he'd only pinched her bum, for Christ's sake. Well, needless to say, she got a good hard slippering for that, after he'd left, and for once her tears were real ones. All the same, Rupert had been disappointed, especially as I'd promised, and I couldn't afford to have it go on any longer. So I'd conceived this little plan, which I hoped might teach her a lesson once and for all. She didn't know exactly what I had in mind, but I'd warned her that this time she'd better be good, or she might get more than just a slippering when I got her home. She'd looked suitably impressed by that, though she still wasn't entirely convinced. Anyway, I'd just have to wait and see.

I knew the man in the shop would remember me. I'd bought LuLu a pair of navy school knickers a few days before, and given him a twenty pound note, knowing that at half-past nine on a Monday morning he probably couldn't change it. He'd offered to go up to his flat over the shop and see if he had enough up there, but I'd said not to worry, I'd pick it up next time I passed. So he'd remember me. As a middle-aged man who went around buying schoolgirl's knickers and saying they were for his niece. And as a man who wasn't too worried about the odd twenty quid, who'd trusted him to keep the change safely, and therefore a man, perhaps, of some substance.

As I say, LuLu hadn't been too enthusiastic about the plan, but she was always more susceptible to a reasoned argument when she was feeling a little tearful. A few dozen smacks up the backs of her legs that morning had helped in this respect. Lulu now thought the plan a reasonably agreeable one, though she didn't know all the details of course. She knew only that we were going to find a quiet

little school-outfitters and buy her a uniform, and that from time to time she might have to wear it to amuse me, even though she was getting on for nineteen now. Not that she actually looked her age, mind you. Indeed, with her hair in bunches as it was now, and without make-up, she looked closer to sixteen. In fact she acted more like a sixteen-year-old too, which was one of the reasons why I was always having to put her across my knee, I suppose.

Anyway, I pointed out the outfitters to Lulu as we passed, and then we parked the car and walked round through the back streets to the shop. Its windows were small-paned and dusty, the woodwork needing a coat of paint. We went in and the bell tinkled, and the man who still had my twenty quid looked up and recognised me at once. He also caught sight of LuLu, and seemed a little surprised, as if he hadn't really believed I had a niece. He was right of course. I hadn't. Though this didn't stop me feeling a little hurt that he'd disbelieved me.

I let him see me pat LuLu's bottom, just the once, as I sent her off to look around the shop and keep herself out of the way. She looked delicious in her snug jeans and skimpy vest thing, and I have to admit to a small glow of pride as his eyes followed her for a moment. Round one to me. He fancied her.

He left the woman he was serving and came along his side of the old-fashioned glass-topped counter, saying he had my change 'all ready and waiting for you Sir'. I leaned conspiratorially towards him, and beckoned him closer. I told him my problem. Or at least, lied about my supposed problem in such a convincing way that he actually seemed to believe me. He made clucking noises here and there, and treated me to the odd understanding nod of the head in all the right places. Now and then his eyes wandered off and found LuLu, who was ambling sulkily around the shop looking every inch the p e t u l a n t schoolgirl that I'd described her to be.

When I'd finished my tale, he blinked several times, and drew breath before he said anything.

'Well sir, if she's dead against the idea, as you say she is, I can see that there might well be a bit of a scene. Not quite what you'd want, sir, I do understand that.' He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. 'For that matter neither would I, not in public if you see what I mean,' he added in a reasonable tone of voice. 'Anyway sir, perhaps we might come to some arrangement.' He momentarily acquired a far-away look, as if totting up the cost of a full school uniform, *and* remembering my twenty quid, and then, as if finding it worthwhile after all, the spark of inventiveness brightened his naturally doleful features. He glanced at his watch. 'Well, look sir, I'll be closing in an hour or so. Why don't you and the young lady come back then?' He seemed quite pleased with his solution. So was I. It saved me having to suggest it myself.

I looked pointedly a t t h e woman who was serving the shop's only other customer.

'Er — we'll be quite on our own then sir,' he said. 'Miss Robbins will be leaving sharp at half-past five.'

'Well, if you're sure it'll be no trouble—?' I said.

'Not at all sir. No trouble whatsoever.'

His eye wandered again to LuLu's prettiness. 'Um — there is one thing though sir,' he added quietly.

I raised a politely enquiring eyebrow. LuLu came towards me along my side of the counter.

'Well sir — um, what if she decides she doesn't want to even try the stuff on — if you see what I mean? I mean, well, what then?'

LuLu was almost at my elbow, about to set off on another tour of the premises. As she passed I slapped her playfully on her pert bottom, and raised my eyebrow again at the shopkeeper. He stared for a moment at LuLu's plump behind, then began to nod sagely to himself, a knowing and even approving nod.

LuLu gasped at me, too startled to speak. I took her arm and steered her towards the door.

'I see sir,' murmured the shopkeeper.

I said: 'Shall we say about twenty to six then?'

'Yes sir,' he said, 'that'll be about right.'

I winked broadly at him as we left. He didn't smile, as I'd thought he might, but his little eyes were bright with interest, his head still nodding in agreement.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

We had a beefburger in an Italian place, then went back to where we'd left the Rolls.

The car park was s l o w l y emptying as shoppers and office people made their way home. We sat in the car for a while, LuLu fiddling with her nails and an emery board, I contemplating the space between my belly and the steering wheel, and wondering idly whether LuLu's shapely hips would fit comfortably between the two. I could tell by her determined silence that she still didn't entirely approve of the arrangement I'd come to in the shop.

'Well then?' I said.

She looked up, startled. 'Well what?'

'Well, let's get on with it.'

S h e pretended ignorance, though she knew the plan well enough. 'Get on with what?' she persisted. She was just being difficult of course.

I swivelled in my seat and leaned my arm along the back rest. Her eyelashes fluttered. They always did that when she was nervous. 'You do remember why we're doing all this don't you?' I said.

'Oh, that!' she started to look sulky again. 'Look, do we *have* to. I mean, I've admitted I was wrong. I know I shouldn't have—well, made such a fuss, but couldn't we—'

'Fuss!' I raised my eyebrows theatrically. 'Fuss was hardly the word!'

Her pretty eyes glared defiantly at me for a moment, and she blurted it out before she could think about what she was saying. 'Well, bloody Hell!' she complained. 'I don't see why I should have to let bloody Rupert see me getting smacked! He's a perfect stranger to me! I don't want strangers seeing me with my knickers down like a little kid! It's bloody well bad enough having to get sodding smacked at all, without making an exhibition of myself too!'

She stopped. I could see at once that already she'd begun to regret it. Her eyelids fluttered again, desperately.

'LuLu,' I said in my most patient voice. 'It was a warning, a statement of my position. Her

position as just LuLu, mine as the boss. I saw her pink lips begin to part. I sensed the excitement welling up inside her. She'd make a fuss, of course, she wouldn't give in too easily. But for her that was part of the thrill, the struggling against the inevitable, the humiliation of knowing that she was going to lose.

'What?' she said, petulently.

'LuLu. Be a good girl, and undo your jeans, eh?'

Her eyes clicked wide open. 'Why?' she demanded. She already knew why. I didn't trouble to answer. She made no move to do as I'd asked.

'Just do as I say, alright, LuLu?' I kept my eyes cool, on hers. She liked it like that; with a bit of authority.

She licked her lips, not altogether happy about it despite the excitement I knew she was feeling. She opened her mouth to speak but then thought better of it. At last she fumbled with the waist-band and unpopped the fastener. The zip rasped open. At the base of her exposed belly the rouched waist-band of her brief yellow pants peeped out cheerfully. She lifted her bottom away from the seat and pushed the thick denim down off her hips. Her firm little pubic mound thrust invitingly upward inside the knickers as she levered herself higher and struggled to get the jeans part way down her thighs.

'That'll do,' I said. 'Now get across here.' I patted my lap impatiently.

She looked at me again, but I ignored the pleading in her eyes.

'What've I done?' she asked protestingly. She turned in her seat and leaned reluctantly towards me, and I hoisted her unceremoniously across my lap.

'Nothing. You know that. But this isn't a punishment, it's just a necessary part of the plot.'

I resisted the impulse to pull her knickers down off her bottom, partly from deference to the rather delicate circumstances and partly because it wasn't really important. They were very thin, and the sting would go right through them anway. Not that the sting much mattered, for once. It was more a question of colouring.

I had to spank her with my left hand, which didn't make it any easier, and all the while to make sure the coast was still clear. But I managed nevertheless. About twenty or so good sharp spanks brought the rapidly welling crimson flushing hotly into her cheeks. I tugged one side of her knickers into the crease, baring one quivering buttock to make sure the bright colour was fairly well spread, then with a last vigorous slap, I let her up. She wriggled off my lap, sniffling childishly. She plopped back into her seat and dashed the few tears from her eyes, then had to roll over onto one hip as she pulled her knickers back out of the crease and rearranged them properly under her bottom. The roseate hue of her freshly spanked skin was bright against the contrast of the yellow nylon, and satisfactorily so. I knew from experience that LuLu's tender bottom would keep its rosy blush for up to an hour, which would be just about long enough.

'C'mon,' I urged, 'let's get going.' I was out of the car

before she'd zipped her jeans, and I went round and opened her door.

We walked out of the car park, LuLu brushing nervously at her hair with her hand. We turned into the narrow street, and I put my hand around her hip and made sure for the last time that she knew what was expected of her.

'And above all, I want none of your virginal modesty. You're to do exactly as you're told, OK? This is one lesson you're going to learn properly, young lady.'

'OK.' She sounded anxious. So much the better.

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The shopkeeper was waiting for us, the shop empty. He saw us coming and unlocked the door.

I picked out a couple of skirts from those he showed me, one grey, pleated and probably too small, the other plain grey.

'These might be a little on the short side sir,' the shopkeeper said.

'Well, let's see, shall we? Do you have a changing cubicle?'

'Yes sir. Just down here.' He led the way to a curtained recess at the back of the shop. I handed the grey skirt to LuLu and the shopkeeper ushered her diffidently through the curtain and drew it across behind her.

In the ensuing quiet we could hear her jeans being unzipped and the coarse rustle as they slipped down her legs. I suggested softly that perhaps he wouldn't mind closing the old-fashioned window blinds which I'd noticed on the way in.

'Of course, sir. Privacy. Of course.'

By the time he got back LuLu had changed and had reappeared from behind the curtain. I took a chair and sat on it in the middle of the shop.

'Walk around a bit, eh?'

LuLu paced back and forth once or twice, casting worried glances in my direction each time she turned. She looked absolutely charming, and not a day over fifteen.

'How's that then sir?' prompted the shopkeeper.

I didn't answer straight away. Now I could begin to amuse myself.

'Give us a twirl, Lucille.' I said.

I kept my attention on our man. LuLu twirled, and his none-too-professional eye didn't blink as he watched the skirt billow out from her trim young legs. She stopped twirling. He looked at me at last.

'Don't you think it's a trifle long?' I remarked casually.

'Er, well—' he hesitated. 'Possibly sir,' he agreed eventually. 'Perhaps just a little.' Lucy glanced dubiously in my direction.

I got up from my chair. 'Have you got any pins?' I asked him.

'Pins, sir?' he dithered for a moment. 'Oh, you mean you'd like to see how it would look — um — a little shorter?'

'Yes. If you wouldn't mind.'

'No, that's alright.' He came back with the pins and half offered them to me.

'No, no. You're the expert. Perhaps you'd be so kind—?'

He looked quite pleased about that.

I beckoned LuLu over and indicated the chair. 'Hop up there will you?'

Up on the chair, her hips were on a level with the shopkeeper's eyes, more or less.

With his first pins, and keeping his hands conspicuously clear of LuLu's thighs, he took a tuck of an inch or so along the front.

I shook my head doubtfully.

'Too short sir?' he asked.

'Too long,' I said.

He took another inch, and the skirt started to look very tempting on my little LuLu. He stood back to get a better view, and discovered an inaccuracy in the pinning. He rectified it carefully, his hand brushing her thigh. He looked at me enquiringly.

I ran my eyes up the length of LuLu's legs, and tried to judge how high the skirt could actually go before the gusset of her knickers would be revealed. I reckoned it to be another six inches.

The shopkeeper's eyes darted between me and the delightful picture which LuLu was making up on her chair. The way the skirt was pinned, it was just conceivable that it might still be wearable. But only just. Beyond this point we wouldn't be able to keep up the pretence that she was actually going to wear it to school. The man's eyes, engrossed in LuLu's legs, were confirmation enough though. He'd play along with us.

I walked over to LuLu, took one of the man's pins from his box, and pushed it through the material a little more than six inches above the existing row of pins. On the counter I saw a pair of scissors. I handed them nonchalently to the owner of the shop.

'Snip it off about there,' I said. 'Please.'

LuLu's eyes caught mine. She bit her bottom lip nervously. The shopkeeper looked from me, to Lulu, and back to me. He found his voice eventually.

'It — it'd have to be paid for, sir.'

'Of course.' He still had my twenty quid.

'Well, if you're sure?'

'Quite sure.'

He had some trouble deciding where to start. He finally decided that a straight cut up the front, to the correct level, would be the best way. The scissors sheared keenly through the grey cloth, and I saw LuLu flinch as the cold steel touched the inside of her bare thigh. Her eyes widened as the scissors snipped fearfully close to her, then stopped. The lateral cut took some time. Even then it wasn't particularly straight when he'd finished.

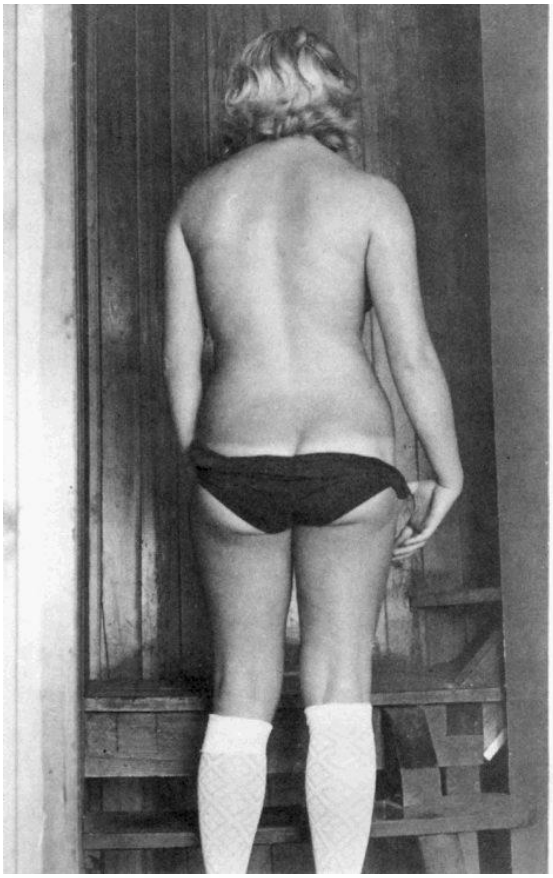
He stepped back, but only a pace, and he never once took his eyes from LuLu. Her legs were bared for virtually their entire length. The pale yellow plumpness of the gusset was just visible between the very tops of her thighs, and there was a suggestion of delicate lace which edged the leg of her knickers.

'What d'you think?' I asked.

He did rather well, in the circumstances. 'Er — very — um — appealing, sir.'

I caught LuLu's eyes again. 'Turn round please,' I requested, politely.

We both watched her as she turned. She peered anxiously back at me over her shoulder. The brief yellow pants left the lower part of each cheek uncovered, the fullness pushing insolently out under the lace and creasing prettily in a line where her buttocks met her thighs. The little fold of nylon, tucked intimately into the division of her cheeky young bottom, added the finishing touch to a charming pose. The warm looking scarlet which blotched the naked parts of her bum was un-



mistakable. There would be no doubt that our shopkeeper friend had seen it.

It occurred to me however that perhaps LuLu, being unable to see the length of her skirt at the back, might still be under the impression that her bottom, reddened as it was from her spanking, might still be concealed from view. This wasn't the idea at all.

'Bend over, LuLu,' I said breezily.

The poor girl looked pleadingly back at me. Her panicky eyes spoke volumes, but nevertheless—

'Come on now. Touch your toes.'

Hesitantly, but obediently, she bent herself forward, and our friend watched enraptured as the truncated skirt slid teasingly up over the sheer knickers, LuLu's sweet little bum pulling the nylon tightly across each curve of her buttocks, the same plump bulge peeping out again from between the tops of her thighs. The marks of her spanking were plain to see.

'Er — will that be alright then sir?' he asked after a long and fascinated look.

'The skirt? Yes, fine thank you.'

LuLu peeped at me from between her legs, her eyes asking, very sweetly.

'OK,' I said to LuLu. 'Hop down.'

She hopped, and stood self-consciously beside her chair, her face flushed with embarrassment.

'Slip it off then.'

LuLu thanked me with her eyes. She made off towards the cubicle.

The shopkeeper had trouble looking at me. 'Er — anything else sir?' he asked, to cover the awkwardness.

'Knickers,' I said.

'Um — navy sir? Or white, airtex, cotton poplin—?'

'Navy please,' I said.

My ears caught the sound of denim again.

'Don't bother with your jeans,' I called. 'Just come out and try these on. Oh, and bring the skirt with you.'

She took her time about it. The shopkeeper's eyes hovered near the curtain constantly. At last she appeared, cautiously, the skirt held modestly in front of her.

'Wrap it up, would you,' I asked the shopman.

LuLu surrendered it dubiously, the man bumped into the counter as he took it from her, his attention rivetted by the fat bulge in the front of LuLu's knickers. She looked pleadingly at me, while trying to hide her pretty yellow pants behind protectively folded hands, and sliding a little behind me to avoid the man's eyes.

The shopkeeper picked up the navy knickers, still in their cellophane bag, and stood behind his counter as if wonderinng what to do with them.

'Go and get them, then,' I said quietly.

She hesitated. I had no doubt that she'd put two and two together and had formed a good idea of what was likely to happen next.

'Go on, LuLu!' I still kept my voice quiet.

She went doubtfully. Her sweet behind wobbled as she walked over to the counter, the bright splotches on each of her cheeks showed up beautifully next to the yellow. She reached out and took

the knickers at armslength, then, more or less backing away from him, she headed towards the cubicle again.

'Er — don't bother to go in there, LuLu,' I said. 'I'm sure we won't mind, will we?' I raised an eyebrow at the shopkeeper.

He quite literally stuttered: 'Um — n-no. No, not at all.' His eyes widened perceptibly.

LuLu looked at me, desperation in her face. She started to shake her head slowly, as if she couldn't believe what was happening.

I waited. Gave her time to think about it. She seemed unable to bring herself to do it. I treated her to my stern, velvet voice. 'LuLu, I'm going to count up to three, and if those knickers aren't down to your ankles by the time I've finished—'

She seemed to tremble. Her lower lip quivered, but on her face there was the beginning of the pink flush, flooding up to just under her eyes, which I recognised as the surest sign there could be that she was starting to get excited.

I teased her by my silence, for a moment. Then: 'One!'

Her eyelashes fluttered nervously and she started backing slowly away.

'Two!'

The man behind the counter was enthralled. His feet shuffled in the quiet. LuLu stared at me, looking as if her knees were going to give way.

'Three!'

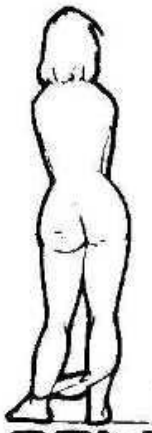
I crooked my finger. She knew just what it meant. Slowly, with leaden steps, she came to me.

Her belly felt warm against my legs. The little nylon knickers slid easily down her thighs and came to rest at her ankles, a bright, pathetic flag of surrender. I spanked her steadily, methodically, ignoring her protests and helpless struggles, feeling her come alive under my hand, shuddering with excitement despite herself.

When I'd finished with her, she was very subdued. The navy knickers looked very nice on her. Her little bum looked particularly sweet. We bought a few more things, the shopkeeper serving us in a daze.

I made her wear her new clothes home, although I bought another skirt because I could hardly have her walking around in the first one, with her new knickers on display. Although, thinking about it—.

Anyway, I took her home. When we got there I phoned Rupert. He said he'd be only too pleased to come to dinner. LuLu didn't say anything when I suggested she keep her uniform on to show Rupert, she only flushed obligingly. She seemed to have learned her first lesson.



COMPETITION

To play this game, which is a kind of reader participation thing, you have to imagine yourself into the following situation:

It's the middle of the week, the flat's in a mess, you've got a couple of cans of lager for company, and you're getting slowly pissed off with the television. The phone rings.

'Hi!' Says the voice. It's your old drinking pal, Major Tom of the Sally Army.

'Hello.' You say.

'Look,' he says, 'I'm down at Headquarters. We're doing this big "fallen women" thing this month, and believe me pal, the most incredible piece of stuff has just walked in out of the rain, and, like she says, she's got no money, nowhere to go, and she'd be as grateful as hell for a bed.'

'So?'

'So, naturally I thought of you.'

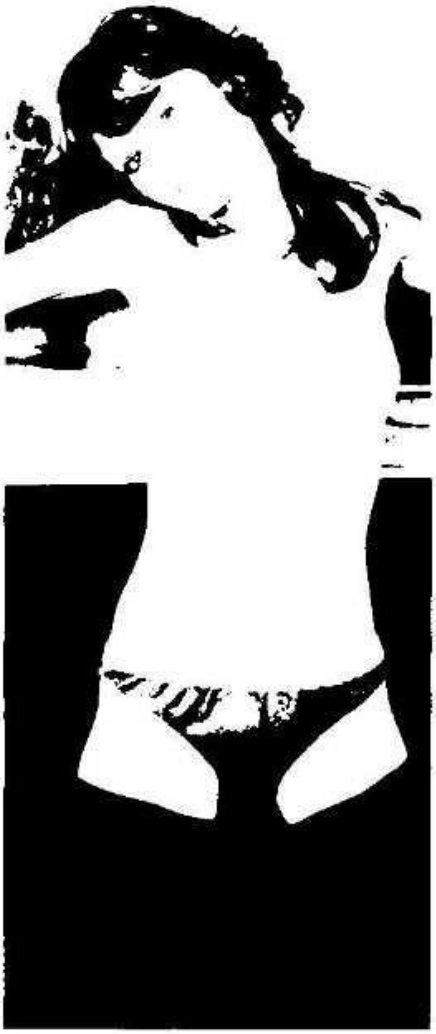
'And?'

'And she looks the grateful type. I'll bring her round. OK?'

Alright so far? Good. Now imagine he brings her round, and she's every bit as gorgeous as he said she was. And grateful. She snuggles up to you in bed afterwards and talks about staying. In the morning she cooks breakfast, starts tidying the place up, things like that. She does this for a week. At the end of the week, you say, 'Look, I don't know how to say this, but . . . '

She bursts into tears. Falls at your feet. 'Don't throw me out into the cold.' She pleads: 'I'll do anything! Anything! Only don't make me leave. Please?'

Now, you weren't going to throw her out, were you? Only, all of a sudden there's a different complexion on it. You reach down, tilt her tear-streaked face up to yours. You say softly: 'Anything?'



She says: 'Anything.' Her eyelashes lower demurely, her cheeks flush with embarrassment.

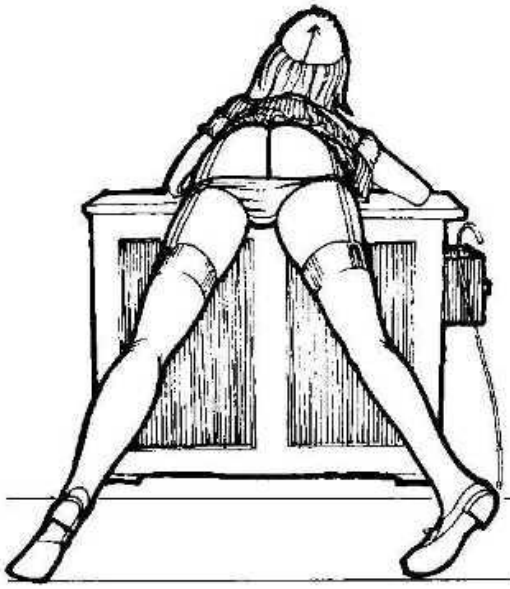
You demand coffee. She scuttles off to the kitchen to do your bidding. While she's gone you think about it. It sounds like a good idea.

When she gets back with coffee, you say: 'Right then. What I need is a cook.' She nods. 'A housekeeper, a secretary, a maid, and someone to screw.' She nods again willingly. 'You also get spanked.' You say, chancing your luck.

She's taken aback for a moment. Then she bows her head and agrees, meekly. Looks like you're in luck, she's as big a kink as you are.

Now then, you've suddenly acquired a cook, a maid, a secretary, etcetra. And naturally, you're going to want her to look nice when your friends come round. So you decide she needs a uniform. And that's the point. The game is to design her uniform that makes her look both sexy and accessible. There are no rules, and you can do anything you like with her. The best entries will be illustrated in this magazine every month, so far as is practicable.

To start the ball rolling, we've dressed Angie up in something that we think looks rather sweet. She looks like she'd do you a power of good anyway. Think you could do better? So let's hear from you then.



SISTERS

. . . and as I have said before, hospitals aren't very secluded places, and neither are the staff's own rooms particularly private, so carrying on my disciplinary activities is restricted to some extent by the need to keep noise, particularly in the residences, to an absolute minimum.

My own two rooms are situated at the end of a block, so at least I have only one immediate neighbour to worry about, but I still have to be careful not to draw attention to my 'goings on'. 'Goings on,' by the way, are more prevalent than may be supposed, particularly between the student nurses and those members of staff whose job it is to instruct them, so people tend to turn a blind eye to the odd student who may happen to be seen in the corridors of the senior staffs' residences.

Having to contend with this somewhat limiting situation, I have had to refine my methods accordingly, and surprisingly though it may seem, I have found that caning a girl, though potentially more audible than other methods of punishment, can nevertheless be managed with very little noise, provided the caning is administered in the right way.

The girl having arrived, I take her through to my bedroom, which is furthest from the corridors, draw the curtains and switch on the radio, not so loudly as to draw attention but enough to blend with the sound of the cane as it lands. Something rhythmic is, of course, best.

The girl then undresses, or at least takes off her skirt or jeans if she isn't in uniform, and I have her place herself in an appropriate position either on or across the bed. I find that having her in a kneeling position, while admirable from the accessibility point of view, unfortunately allows of too much movement once the cane starts its work and her bottom tries to wriggle out of the way, so unless I know she is going to be particularly obedient, I prefer to have her on her tummy, and propped up with pillows under her hips. I take her knickers off, rather than simply down, and give her another pillow upon which to rest her head. Not out of consideration, I might say, but simply because if she's going to blubber, I'd rather she had the pillow to cry into and muffle her weeping instead of letting everyone know what a baby she is. I then place a low stool between her out-stretched legs, about as far up as her knees, which will help to remind her to keep her legs apart while I'm dealing with her. I can then begin her caning.

My personal opinion regarding any kind of corporal punishment, is that it is unlikely to be effective unless the girl is sufficiently well whipped as to shed some genuine tears. At the same time, in my particular situation, I can't be too determined when it comes to laying on the cane, because I can't have the girl yelling at the top of her voice after the first couple of strokes. So I have developed a method which, while avoiding dramatic scenes, does achieve the necessary effect all the same.

Having warned the girl of the need for quiet as far as possible, I start to punish her. I never specify the number of strokes, as according to my philosophy it is somewhat irrelevant, the main object being the chastisement of the girl until, by her tears, she places herself in a position of submission to my authority.

I cane lightly at first, with perhaps five seconds between strokes, keeping each stroke across the heavy swell at the base of her buttocks, and in a band

some four inches wide. The cane against her bare flesh makes little more than a plopping noise at this stage, and I give her at least a couple of dozen of these fairly light strokes to introduce the sting gradually and evenly. Her bottom slowly turns red across the plump, receptive part of the cheeks, and then, little by little, I increase the weight of the strokes until I see the beginnings of the reaction I'm looking for. This is usually a series of quick little jerks or jolts of the cheeks as the cane lands, or it may be a slowly increasing wriggle of her hips as she lies across the bed.

Having found this point, I then know that the sting is beginning to take hold, and I keep the strokes at roughly the same weight for perhaps two or three dozen more. Faint lines begin to appear across the reddening cheeks, and pretty soon she'll begin to give little gasps and occasional 'Ooooh's' and 'Ahh's' in time with the wriggling of her bottom.

I then caution her again, reminding her that I will not tolerate any unnecessary noise, and then gradually increase the strength of the strokes and slow down the rhythm, so that I reach a point where, though not yet actually crying, she is all the same quite near to tears, and her bottom is beginning to twitch with anticipation and snatch away from the cane each time it lands squarely across her sore buttocks.

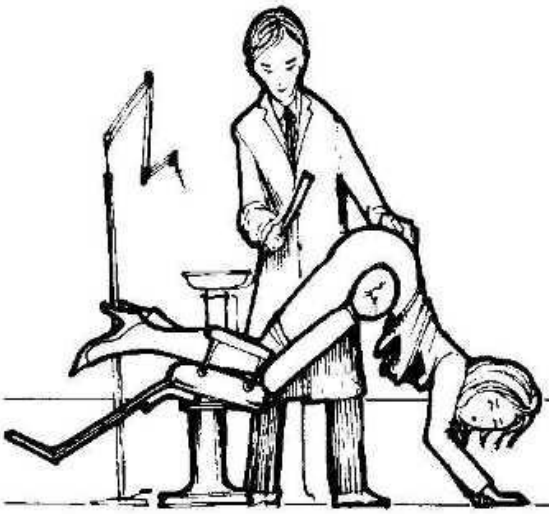
This point in the caning is, of course, the most delightful and is the crucial stage of the punishment. Two or three good hard whacks would immediately precipitate the onset of tears, and would have her yelling lustily, and yet, by judging the power of the strokes, and slowing down here and there to give her a chance to regain her breath, this exquisite balance can be maintained for minutes on end, with her bottom squirming around and perhaps even trembling, and her gasped protests becoming ever more poignant, until, slowly and inevitably her quiet sobs turn to tears, and she'll have let go the last vestiges of her dignity and self-control.

This is *not* the point at which you should stop, but neither should you take unfair advantage of the situation. Having reached this stage she has utterly submitted herself to you. How you deal with her from here on will have a lasting effect on her respect for you and your authority.

For myself, having induced her tears, I would remind her of the reasons why she is being punished, and then, without any increase in the severity, I would give her about another dozen, in the same way as before, and would judge precisely when to stop by the effect it has on her. The last dozen or so would be slow and methodical, waiting for her bottom to stop its more energetic wriggles before each stroke, not speaking to her and not responding to any pleas or promises.

The climatic signs will be obvious as she nears the point of losing control, and when you judge the moment to be right, the punishment should end.

So much for caning and keeping it quite. Another interesting way I have of disciplining the girls is . . .



NOW, THIS WON'T HURT A BIT

'You know, people don't believe it when their dentist says to them: "Don't worry, this won't hurt a bit." I happen to know this is true because I'm a dentist. The only reason I mention this disbelief on the part of my patients, is that it is very similar to the disbelief on my receptionist's face whenever I say, in my joking way: "This won't hurt a bit."

'She knows, of course, that it will, and she's quite right. She is well aware that bending over her desk with her overall up round her waist and her pants around her ankles is all designed to *make* it hurt. And swiping a long, springy ruler across her bare bum does nothing to dispel that impression.

'Now you may well ask: "So, if it's so damned uncomfortable, why does she put up with it?" And I would have to answer, quite truthfully: "I don't really know, actually. At least, I do *kind* of know, only I can't explain it. That is, I *can* explain it, but it'll take me a long, long . . . You'd like to know anyway? Well, I warn you, it's a very long story".'

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Thus reads the introduction to a treatise some sixty thousand words in length. It spans a little more than fifteen years, and is a record compiled by a compulsive diarist who happens also to be a spanker of young ladies' bottoms, and a dentist, in that order, he says. You can take what he writes with a pinch of salt, or you can take it at its face value.

At its face value, it makes compelling reading, authenticated as it is by records, files and bound books from which the edited version printed here has been assembled by the writer himself into his essay. There is also a document case full of photographs, mostly dated, which apparently represent the collected souvenirs of a decade and a half's dedication to the art of the p r o p e r l y punished posterior. Taken less literally, it still is a fascinating essay on the subject.

The record starts just after he has left the Army, where he has been practising his dentistry since shortly after the end of the last War. He sets up in practice on his own account, and immediately finds he'll have to take on a receptionist. The date is February, 1961.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

I thought long and hard about it, and realised that there was only one solution. I'd have to suck it and see. In other words, I'd have to take on the prettiest girl I could find and worry about getting her knickers down later.

In the Army I'd never had the problem of choosing. The RAMC gave you an orderly, or possibly two, and you put up with what you got. If he was an idiot, they didn't care. You just had to soldier on. To their credit, of course, when they'd given me Avril they hadn't asked for her back for almost a year. For that I r e m a i n eternally grateful to RAMC (Postings), whoever they were.

Avril was a treasure. She knew bugger all about dentistry, but she was an absolutely gorgeous girl in every other respect. She was somewhat handicapped by a north country accent which would become incomprehensible when she's had a few drinks, and also by an inbuilt respect for authority which got the poor girl into all kinds of trouble.

Her problem was that she thought everyone from the rank of Lieutenant upwards sat automatically upon the right hand of God, and it wasn't for the likes of her to question questionable goings on. An unfortunate attitude now, of course, but quite common a few years ago, and not to be lightly dismissed when you realised that you might do yourself a few favours with Avril if you 'pulled rank'.

Labouring, apparently, under the delusion that I was The Archangel Gabriel, Avril objected hardly at all when I suggested that 'naughty girls ought to be treated like naughty girls,' by

which I meant the obvious. Consequently I was quite spoiled by having Avril to myself for the year she was with me. Her bottom was one of the most splendidly spankable objects I have ever come across. This being so, it seemed reasonable to spank it, and frequently. She would dutifully endure this, allowing me to indulge my whims in my most ungentlemanly way, apparently quite content to be spanked by Divine proxy. As I say, Avril thoroughly spoiled me for my essay into Civvy Street.

Anyway, I set about finding my first receptionist. The one I lighted upon was a nice looking girl by the name of Beryl. She proved to be an excellent receptionist, and about as strait-laced as they come. It took me a while to find an excuse to get rid of her.

Obviously, what I needed was a nice little tart. Rose looked every inch a tart, which indeed she was. I felt sure that she would have no scruples whatsoever about wriggling out of her knickers on the slightest pretext. Disappointingly, she proved to have a silly little phobia about people who wanted to smack her bum. Irritated by this superstitious nonsense, I sacked her after a month.

And then there was . . . Well, do you really want to know about the string of failures I then suffered? Of course you don't, so let's move on to Janet.

Janet arrived sometime in June, 'sixty one. By this time my ego had been severely bruised by my fruitless efforts to find a girl who might be my idea of fun, and I suppose you might say I was now keeping a 'low profile'. This didn't only mean that I wasn't letting it stick out of the top of my trousers, it also meant that I was keeping my head down and analysing my mistakes. Licking my wounds would perhaps be a better phrase.

I took Janet on simply because I needed a receptionist. It wouldn't be true to say that the thought of smacking her bottom never crossed my mind, but I was by now rather more cautious in my approach. As a matter of fact, she hadn't long left school, and if she was more than a month or two over sixteen, I'd be surprised. Girls left school at fifteen then, but if you wanted one who could type, you more or less had to wait until they'd done their optional extra year and learned their typing properly, otherwise you were forever having to help them extricate fingers that had become wedged between the keys. Anyway, all in all, she seemed much too young to be 'fair game', and so for a while I pretended that I wasn't a letcherous old sod and left her bottom alone. Needless to say, this couldn't last for long.

Within a week or two I had begun to permit myself a little idle banter by way of venting my frustration, and Janet got quite used to my good-humoured threats to 'put her across my knee'. So much so that before long, encouraged by her girlish giggles every time I mentioned it, I took to stalking her, catching her in a corner, and planting a paternal spank upon her bottom. This wasn't as much fun as it might sound, because all those petticoats the girls were wearing then didn't give you much of a 'feel' for your subject. Nevertheless it was still amusing enough to be worth while. Perhaps because she was so young, or perhaps for a hundred other reasons, she didn't seem to object at all strongly. She even took to mitigating her excited squeals to discreet squeaks whenever there was the chance that someone might hear. Whether this was due to embarrassment, or to a conspiratorial discretion, I don't know, but I began to look upon it as a start. And Janet, fortunately, began to look on it as a game.

I, of course, then became fascinated by the idea that I might actually put her across my knee and simply see what happened. Not wanting to approach it head-on, I deviously arranged some work which would, 'have to be done tonight', after surgery hours, and persuaded Janet to stay on late to do it. At the same time, I contrived to find some little thing over which I could legitimately chide her, and hoped that this would give me the excuse I was looking for.

Lecturing Janet was a non-starter. I knew that. It would have to be kept light and amusing. The last of my patients went home. Janet busied herself in her office, and I eased my trousers into a more comfortable position. At last, trepidation mixing with excitement, I went into her office.

Telling her off was a waste of time, of course, but I took the opportunity to slip in one of my 'over the knee' threats, which made her wary, and she got up from her chair and sidled away from me, knowing the game too well. As I knew she would, she obligingly allowed herself to be cornered, giggling, expecting the by now customary pat on the bottom and no more. But I had promised myself that for once she would at least get it on the seat of her knickers, and having trapped her between the angle of the wall and the filing cabinet, I contrived to tuck her neatly under my arm, flick up her petticoats, and slap her playfully on the backs of her thighs. As just one variation in the game I suppose it wasn't too drastic from Janet's point of view.

I slapped her again, and kept her clamped under my arm, listening anxiously for any signs of distress, but she only giggled the more, squirming away from my hand, while I allowed myself another cautious slap above her stocking tops, and then another, contriving to chuckle like a cotton-wool Father Christmas as I hoisted her petticoats higher, up to her waist, and found her saucy bottom wriggling temptingly inside a pair of flimsy nylon knickers. The knickers were thin enough as to be virtually transparent, and though still cautious, I spanked each wobbling cheek once or twice, quite lightly, and said something like: 'Come on my girl, over my knee.'

She squealed, and protested noisily, but her giggles left me room for misinterpretation and I virtually carried her to her desk, where I sat down and plonked her face-down across my lap.

Trying to sound as good natured as possible, and with a touch of mock solemnity in my voice for good measure, I insisted that she keep still, as I was now going to spank her properly. She completely ignored me, of course, and shrieked excitedly and struggled so that I had quite a hard time holding her, but I told myself that she still thought it was fun, and hung on determinedly while I pulled her petticoats up and uncovered her little bum again. I slapped her, still lightly, and listened intently to her yells of in-

dignation, afraid of going too far.

Timidity on my part, and voociferousness on hers, persuaded me that one might perhaps have too much of a good thing when one wasn't used to it, besides which I felt sure she must be able to feel the ridge in my trousers shoving lewdly up against her soft belly from underneath, so I stopped smacking her pink little cheeks after a moment or two, and released her, expecting her to get up.

She half rose from my lap, and then peeped back over her shoulder with such a look of devilment, combined with a brightness in the eyes, that I realised at once I had misjudged the poor child. Far from being the injured innocent, the little wretch had been enjoying it thoroughly. Well, I hadn't exactly been spanking her hard, so that didn't seem altogether unreasonable, though a bit of a surprise.

Having hesitated for a moment, I then drew encouragement from the fact that she was still there, across my lap, and so I blustered something about: 'Knickers down,' and slipped a finger under the waistband of her flimsy pants. This immediately provoked a shriek, and a panic-stricken flurry of petticoats as she clutched two-handed at the top of her knickers, clinging on so determinedly that, for fear of seeming churlish, I I was afraid to give them the one good yank which was all they would have needed to get them down around her thighs.

I saw that I would have to compromise. With a couple of fingers slipped under first one elasticated leg and then the other, I pulled her knickers across both buttocks and into the middle, tucked them tightly up in the division of her bottom, then started to slap rhythmically and with a little more snap at the bare cheeks thus exposed, while she hung on to her pants for dear life and began to bounce herself around on my knees with every smack. I remember, I was quite amazed at the way her dear little bum had reddened so readily, and before long I stopped, not wanting to overdo things in case the fun should go out of it.

Pink faced, she clambered off my lap, and stood in front of me, her skirt carelessly hoisted almost up to her hips as she rubbed petu-

lently at her bottom. I sat in silence, hardly knowing what to say, and suddenly no longer so sure of myself. She stared at me, frowning so that I thought she was about to burst into tears, then, before I had time to realise it, she had smiled impishly, turned on her heel and walked chirpily out of the office, giggling again.

And that was that. I had broken my duck, more by accident than by design, and I spent the weekend mulling it over, trying to see where I'd gone right for once. I concluded that the casual, lighthearted approach must have been the key. How stupid not to have thought of it before.

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The final result of all this endeavour was the photo which appears with this essay. It is the only one I ever managed to take of her, and even then I tricked her into it. Her bottom was still stinging, I should think, as it had just been abandoned in the middle of a good smacking, while I sneaked off, took the camera from wherever it was hidden, and clicked the shutter, coughing discreetly to cover the sound. Janet, meanwhile, stayed kneeling obediently on her chair, leaning on her desk, and waiting like a good little girl for me to come back and finish off her spanking. (By this time, incidentally, it had become perfectly clear to me that Janet enjoyed getting spanked, although I know it wasn't the actual slapping which she liked, because she could get very miffed about it if I smacked her too hard. I think I concluded that she simply liked being undressed by me, or having her knickers taken down at least, because after the first few weeks she put up no more than a token struggle whenever I wanted her pants down. By the time the picture was taken, she had graduated to taking her spankings across her desk, which is some indication of how willing she'd become, as I no longer had to hold her to stop her wriggling out of reach. She still wriggled, of course, but in a more 'ladylike' way).

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JANET

Then Janet left me. No particular reason, she said, but she'd found another job, and that was all there was to it.

It was a bit of a blow, I must admit. I blamed myself, of course, though with the benefit of hindsight I can see that perhaps the spankings might have had nothing to do with it. Maybe she just wanted a change.

Nothing much happened for a while. Christmas came and went. Then Eve arrived. My other receptionist, a lady of mature years, had found it necessary to leave, a circumstance which did not distress me unduly. Eve was a girl of about twenty-five, not unattractive, but married. This didn't seem to be much of a qualification at the time, but I gave her the job anyway.

The other thing that happened about then was that one of my patients fainted, flaked right out, poor dear. This was rather more of an inconvenience than it might sound, because she refused to revive at all quickly, and when at last she did, it was perfectly clear that she was in no condition to go home straight away. She did eventually, of course, but this prompted me to do something I should already have done. I bought a couch, and installed it in a spare room adjacent to the surgery. Had I known Eve better then, I would have seen the funny side of it.

Eve doesn't really have any place in this story, at least not to my mind, but on the other hand I *did* smack her bottom, so I suppose she has a certain curiosity value. In fact, oddly enough, she was the first girl I ever caned, so perhaps after all she does deserve a mention.

It didn't take me long to find out what made little Eve tick. She was about the randiest woman I've ever come across, and I've come across a few, so to speak. Suffice it to say, the couch came in handy.

While being raped, constantly, by Evie, I did occasionally manage to come up for air, and during these brief interludes I sometimes found breath enough to mention my little pecadillo, i.e. that it might be amusing if I spanked her now and then. This wasn't Evie's idea of fun, and she said so, but I persisted, and finally, as much for a joke as anything, she agreed.

Having thus persuaded her, I found myself at a loss to understand why I'd bothered. She had no sense of the drama of the thing, and more or less spoiled it for me by being in too much of a hurry to drag me back into bed. On the other hand, she did have a nice bottom, big and firm, and sort of heavy underneath. The cheeks would wobble and bounce around, she'd start laughing after about half a dozen spanks, and that would be that. And then, after a bit, I got a trifle annoyed about it. Girls weren't supposed to laugh when they got their bums smacked, and if it killed me Evie was going to find that out.

I bought a cane; well, rather more than one actually. Buying a cane was in some ways easier in those days than it is now, once you'd located a supplier. The trouble was, the company refused to post canes unless one ordered a dozen. I ordered a dozen. In fact I got eleven, but I didn't pursue the point. I had ten more than I wanted anway.

I then confronted Evie with my new acquisition. A discussion ensued. Eventually Evie took her

knickers down. I am quite sure she only did it out of bravado. Out of malice, I caned her soundly. The way the cane swished and swacked as it landed on her big fat bum was infinitely satisfying. I took my time, and gave her about twenty good hard whacks. Her bum soaked up the strokes, and bright, swelling weals appeared, fascinating me by the speed with which they formed. She squirmed and gasped with every one, her bottom started to bounce up and down, up and down, her legs parted, and yet somehow she managed not to clamber up onto her feet. She hung on out of sheer cussedness, I'm quite sure, but when I'd finished with her she burst into tears and great heaving sobs. I felt wonderful about it. For once I wasn't on the receiving end, as it were. I was the boss again. I fucked her afterwards, while the tears were still wet on her cheeks, and it was the first time I'd enjoyed her completely, mentally as well as physically, and she lapped it up.

One day a man came to the surgery, glowered menacingly at me, cuffed Evie soundly round the ears and then marched her off the premises. For several days my guilty conscience tormented me with visions of this man's return, but this unhappy occurrence never came to pass, fortunately. He may have been her husband who had found out about her lover, her lover who had found out about her husband, or the milkman who had found out about me, but since I never saw either of them again, I can do no more than hazard these inadequate guesses.

Nothing much happened for a while. Then sometime in March, after I had soldiered on for a bit without a full-time receptionist, a lady patient suggested that perhaps her daughter, who was about to leave school that coming Easter, would make a suitable assistant. This lady was rather an overbearing woman. I trembled to think what her daughter might be like, but allowed myself to be persuaded to see the girl. Needless to say, her mother came along to the interview too.

Contrary to my expectations, however, her daughter was quite the shyest, politest, and prettiest girl one could imagine. She turned up for her interview straight

SUSAN

from school one evening, and at once I fell in love with the idea that I must have her to myself, if that were possible with a mother as interfering as was hers.

So it was that, one Monday morning shortly after Easter, young Susan turned up for work, complete with accompanying mother. Her mother's parting words as she left this innocent in my tender care have stayed with me all these years.

'And don't go giving this gentleman any trouble, my girl, or I'll see your father puts his belt across your backside if I get to hear of it.'

This lady then smiled sweetly at me and departed, leaving poor Susan with a very red face, and me with a lump which was not in the throat.

I was enthralled by this revelation. For days it led me to imagine the most interesting things as I watched the full bob and jostle of Susan's skirt around her hips as she went about her work, until one morning, as she dismounted from her bicycle outside the surgery in a fairly stiffish breeze, an obliging gust of wind allowed my fevered imagination to confirm what it had hitherto only dared speculate upon. The plump tops of her thighs, above her stockings, were blotched and reddened by vivid marks, brilliant against the white of her fluttering petticoats, and the conclusion was inescapable. My little Susan had just, and only just, been given just such a strapping as her mother had threatened her with.

I spent the first half of the day wondering how on earth I might capitalise on this situation, without finding any solution. At last, and in desperation, I risked asking Susan, point-blank, about the threat her mother had made on that first morning. The poor girl blushed furiously, and looked nervously at me with her soft eyes, unable to answer at once and melting my resolve not to press the point beyond certain limits. Throwing caution to the winds, I confessed that I'd seen the evidence.

This plunged her into confusion, and her embarrassment made her seem somehow all the more desirable. Professing sympathy, I managed to wheedle it out of her, and her, incidentally, out of her knickers. Young, shy, and above all obedient to anything that smacked of authority, she very reluctantly hoisted up her skirt in response to my sympathetic promptings, and wriggled her knickers down off her lovely bottom, which was bruised more or less all over by the strapping her mother had given her. The diary exultantly records the intimate details.

APRIL 1962

Revelation! Susan's pink and punished bottom, bared with great reluctance and displayed complete with the marks of this morning's tanning.

Apparently her mother is accustomed to administer such punishments across the kitchen table. The very thought of Susan getting her tanning this morning is almost too much.

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After that, it could only be a matter of time. I proudly present the accompanything photo of Susan, in the office, as something of an achievement. This poor, misguided girl, harassed by a haridan of a mother, and belted frequently and with gusto by her father, was sufficiently unselfish as to permit me, her employer, to take similar liberties, entirely without authority, and with only the occasional tear and an inevitable blush by way of protest.

Once her secret, such as it was, was out in the open between us, she immediately became susceptible to such crass and insubstantial arguments as: 'Well, look, if your mother takes your knickers down when you're a naughty girl, surely I, who am paying you, shouldn't be denied an equal right to smack your bottom now and then.'

I am perfectly well aware that dear little Susan was never taken in intellectually by these propositions, but the truth is that she was such a polite and inoffensive little sweetheart that she could never quite bring herself to refuse.

Told that she was to be punished, she had a way of looking at you with such a demure and innocent expression that her fate was immediately sealed. Whereas I might have intended simply to take her pants down and give her a little bit of a smacking before she went home, the urge became irresistible to give her a nice stingy spanking with a ruler just for the fun of seeing her lovely little bum turn all pink and wriggly, and it was the knowing that you'd get away with it that was so alluring. Sometimes, innocence cries out to be ravished, and the satisfaction is enormous.

It became quite a ritual, punishing Susan. I took great delight in telling her at least a couple of hours before I needed to let her

EVE

know. She would then become so silent and little-girl-lost about it that the waiting was as much fun for me as it was anguish for her.

I would then, when the time came, lecture her in my fatherly way, in most cases quite pointlessly, simply for the pleasure of watching her pretty face as she stood in front of me and shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

Then, having savoured the build-up to the full, I would caddishly insist that, first, she should lift her skirt and tuck it up at the waist, during which procedure she would never, ever, dare look at me, and I would watch the blush rising inexorably to her cheeks as she was obliged to let me see first her stocking tops, then her bare thighs, and finally her knickers, quite loose and particularly flimsy as they tended to be in those days.

I would then instruct her to take down her knickers. Always, without exception, she would hesitate at this point, and always I would have to repeat my instruction. Then, slowly, and almost wriggling with embarrassment, she would inch her knickers down bit by bit, until they were stretched across the tops of her thighs with the curly ruff of pubic hair peeping seductively out from between the very tops of her legs.

Actually spanking her was a delight. That girl, for all her lack of years, would obediently and dutifully climb across my lap, and then take a good, hard spanking on her bare buttocks, and no matter how she squirmed about with the sting of it, and no matter how it made her gasp and whimper, she would cling on determinedly and never once attempt to get up until she had been soundly and satisfactorily dealt with.

Parked in a convenient corner, she would stay where she'd been told to stand until given permission to pull her knickers up and dry her eyes.

This ritual evolved, necessarily, only slowly, with me proceeding from one step to another with the utmost caution. I can only assume that it must have been due to the discipline which she had to endure at home, that she put up with everything so phlegmatically. I cannot imagine that she ever told her mother about it, and, with her being such an innocent kind of girl, this was the one thing I was always extremely wary of. But catastrophe never struck, and this lop-sided relationship continued for some months, into nineteen sixty-three, in fact, when at last my Susan abandoned me in favour of the promise of a job with a vet. I always felt, looking back on her departure, that going to work for the vet was somehow an unspoken comment on what she thought of me. I don't think I have ever quite recovered from this mild yet pointed censure.

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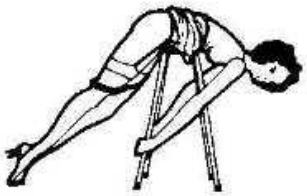
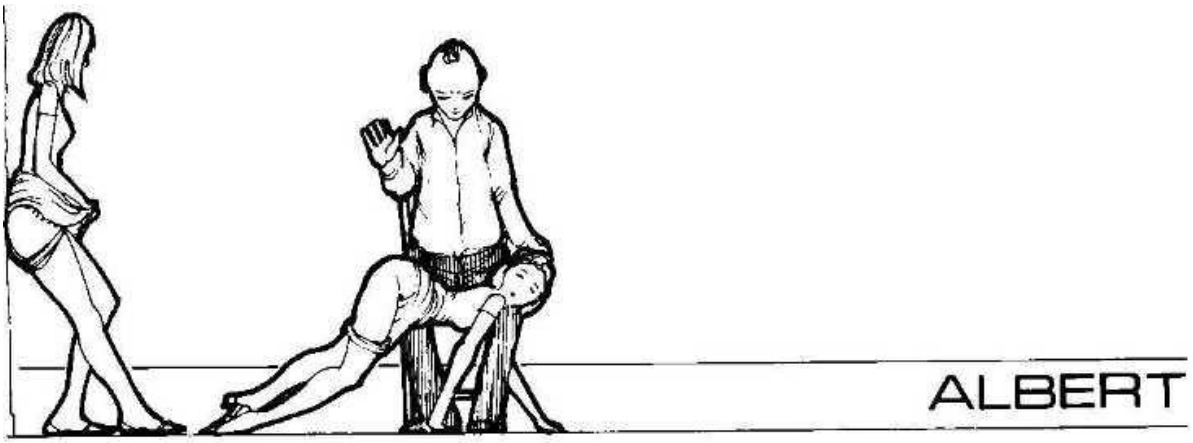




ALBERT

Albert had it all worked out, you see. The gates to the student nurses' home had to be closed at 11 o'clock, Matron's orders, and it was his job to close them. Now, girls being girls, and girls being student nurses in particular, not all of the little darlings came home to the dovecot at precisely the right time. Consequently there was a considerable traffic which, after the hour of eleven, passed through a gap in the high fence which surrounded the entire building. Having given this matter some thought, Albert came to the conclusion that there wasn't a lot of point in closing the gates if all his little sweethearts could get in through the fence. Therefore, he would either have to mend the fence, or not bother with the gates. Albert decided to mend the fence.

That night, eleven o'clock came, and went. In due course came eleven fifteen, and along with it came Tina. She knocked timidly on the door of Albert's little gate-house cottage, where he lived alone. Albert, though wide awake, rubbed his eyes sleepily as he opened the door, complaining about the lateness of the hour.

Tina explained, apologetically. She would be awfully grateful if Albert would kindly let her in through his side gate, if it wasn't too much trouble, that was, because there seemed to have been some clandestine fence mending going on.

Albert found that he couldn't refuse. He allowed himself to complain a little more, however, as he went through the bolt-clanking business of letting the 'awfully grateful' Tina through his own private gate, and mentioned that he might well have to disclose the matter of this inconvenience of being disturbed so late at night to Matron, first thing in the morning. Tina looked suitably chastened. Albert then felt charitable, randy, and Tina's plump little bottom by turns. Tina felt that she'd got off lightly; after all, nothing could be worse than having to face Matron next day, and so, for all the feeling, no one's feelings were much hurt. Thus did Albert set the precedent.

Thereafter, with the bolts on his gate well-oiled, Albert's side entrance did a steady trade. With the apologies growing ever more abject, and Albert's patronising pats on the bottom ever more pointed, Albert then judged that the time had come to make a stand upon his rights as an 'honest working man'.

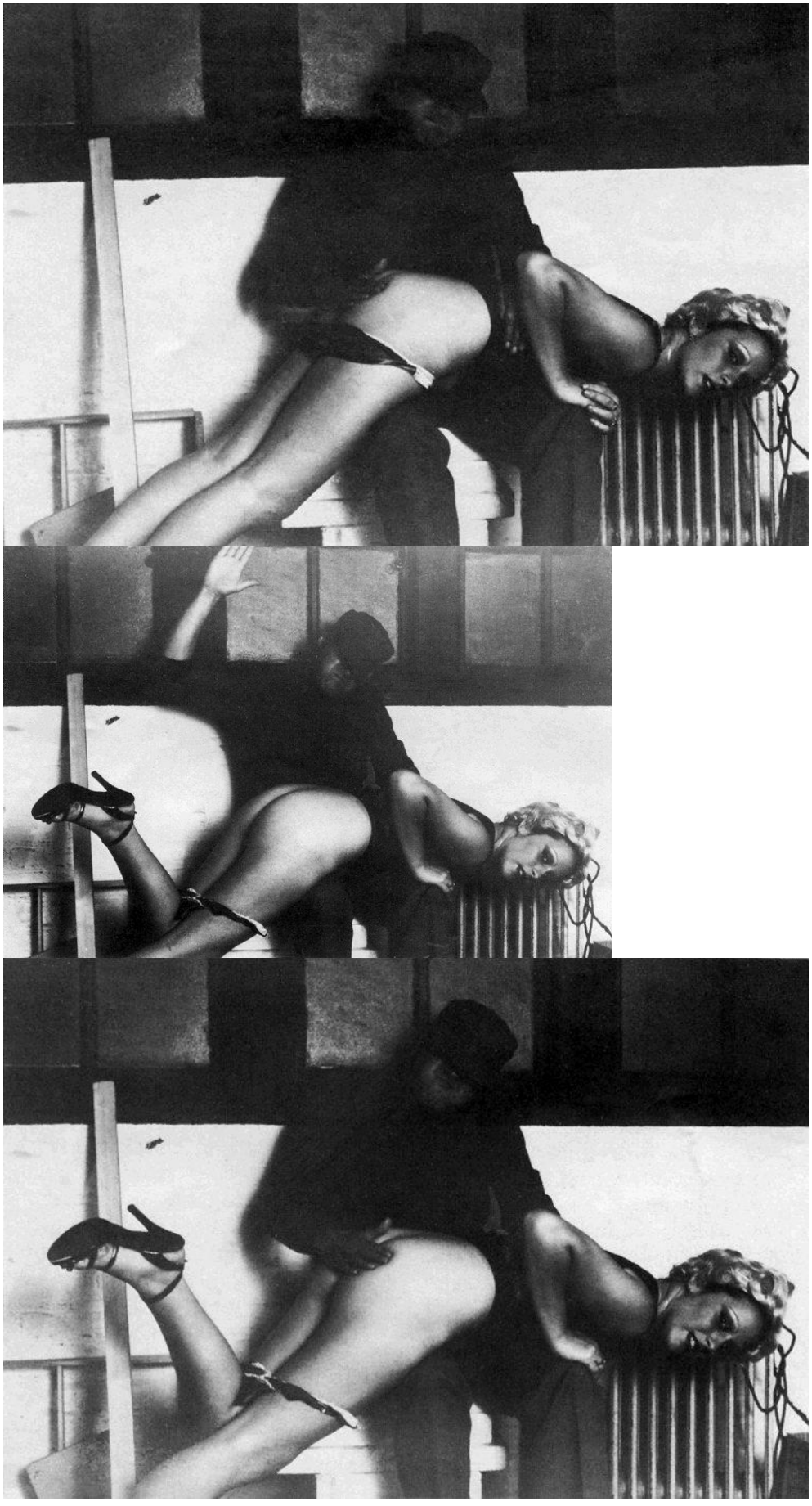
'In future,' he declared, 'I shall 'ave to put a stop to all this comin' an' goin'. I shall 'ave to inform Matron of this continual disturbance of an honest man's rightful rest. Either that, or—'

Well, the girls knew that they couldn't have Matron finding out, now could they?

It was a simple matter for Albert to buy a little book and keep a record. Black marks began to appear, next to certain days of the week, alongside c e r t a i n names. The girls found that they had the choice of either keeping their knickers on, or taking them down. Taking them down *was* pretty embarrassing of course, and it did sting rather more that way, but on the other hand, Albert only gave you half as many. All in all it was as well to take them down. Furthermore, due to Albert having read too many dubious books, this was not the only option open to a latecomer. There arose a complicated system of 'awards'. A girl late twice in a week could choose between fifteen with the slipper, ten with the strap, or five with the cane, could elect to take her pants down, when the 'award' would be halved, half strokes to be given as whole ones, could choose a combination of any two, or of all three, in which case she might end up getting slippered four times, strapped twice, and whacked once with the cane, doubled if she didn't want it with her knickers down, or even more confusingly administered if she was thoughtless enough to be late more than twice in any one week.

A l b e r t ' s deficiencies as a mathematician showed up plainly under these circumstances, particularly as the mere sight of a girl's bottom, knickers or no, tended to affect his powers of deduction anyway. He had to resort to letting the girls work it out themselves, when they would cheat abominably, until eventually he had to scrap the whole cumbersome system entirely. Now he simply takes their pants down and wallops their wriggling bottoms until they either fall off his lap or start to pee themselves, a method which he says he finds altogether more satisfying.

Fortunately for us, Albert has since found an ally in the gardener, whose tendencies are more



voyeuristic than participatory, and it is to him that we must express our thanks for the photographs which accompany this brief account. You will see that for the sake of clarity, Albert's friend has helpfully annotated the photos, for which he should be forgiven as he is a little bit simple-minded.

We should warn you that we have been threatened with further photographically documented accounts of Albert's little hobby. However, as a service to our readers, we will avoid publishing them if at all possible.

A Highland Fling

Dear Sir,

Asked to contribute to your correspondence section, I have been unsure of quite what to write about from my own personal experience, which is somewhat limited.

However, there is one incident, in which I was in no way involved, which has stuck in my mind for some six or seven years. It was reported in the national press, but, unlike the almost classic story of the man who caned his filing clerk because she stole some money, and who was subsequently sent to prison for his rashness, I have never seen it referred to in any publication dealing with corporal punishment, although it was round about the same time. I feel it to be worthy of mention because it seems to me that it raises some interesting points.

The incident occured in Scotland, sometime in the sixties, in a tourist spot somewhere near the border. Apparently a man who ran a souvenier shop, assisted by his wife, was accustomed to take on some extra help during the peak season, and on this occasion he took on two girls who were on holiday from school.

Like the man who caned his filing clerk, this gentleman also found that, on a number of occasions, money was missing from the till at the end of the day. The newspaper reports that, having questioned the two girls, who admitted that they had taken the money, the shopkeeper then informed them that he was going to punish them. No threats were made. He simply stated it as a fact.

After closing the shop, the man then produced a cane, which he just happened to have handy, and, with his wife holding the

girls' hands, he bent them one by one across the counter and proceeded to cane them on the seat of their knickers. So far this doesn't seem unlikely, if slightly risky. But the remarkable thing is that, by the time he was apprehended and charged, it is reported that this regular punishment had been going on for something like six weeks, more or less every day, and the two girls had been calmly bending over the counter with their skirts up around their waists, with their bottoms getting between six and a dozen strokes, and had then been unconcernedly going home, saying nothing to anyone, and then turning up for work again the next day in the full knowledge that by the time they went home again they would very likely be doing so with yet another sore bottom.

Obviously, the canings must have been more than little tickles as the man's wife had to hold the girls down across the counter, and I don't suppose their knickers gave much protection even if the shopkeeper didn't occasionally pull the legs of their pants up a little so that he could use the cane on their bare cheeks.

When this affair came to light, and, mark you, it only did so because of a chance remark by one of the girls which was overheard, the man and his wife were taken to court.

The court merely fined them, because, apparently, the only charge which could be brought against them was one of common assault, though it could have been indecent assault had the man taken the girls' knickers down, and the situation was yet further eased because neither of the girls could be persuaded to testify in court in any but the most complimentary terms. The saving factor, of course was that the man had made no threats about what would happen if they had failed to comply, which would have been a much more serious matter.

Speculating on this incident has given me more than a little pleasure, and I would be grateful to know if any of your readers could give me a convincing explanation of why two schoolgirls should willingly allow themselves to thus be caned on a regular basis. As I say, this is a perfectly factual account published in a national newspaper. One wonders, in the light of this, how many other girls get caned in similar circumstances and never report the fact.

J.S.,
London.

Rough Justice

Dear Sirs,

In response to your request for ideas and suggestions for your forthcoming publication, I thought you might be interested in my wife's account of her experiences in the Women's Royal Air Force, which, incidentally, have given me food for thought now that she has discussed the matter with me fully for the first time.

'After doing our basic training at an "Induction Centre", we girls were then sent on to other, more specialised establishments which were to undertake our training in the occupations which we had been told we must follow. I, along with a number of other girls, went to an RAF station in Kent. At this station, and I'm talking about the early nineteen sixties, we lived in barracks, called by the slightly nicer name of dormitories, with about eighteen or twenty girls in one long room, with beds and lockers and very little else. There were also showers and loos adjoining, and each of these little units was overseen by the corporal, who lived in comparative luxury in her own room at the landing end of the dormitory. She was responsible for us to a certain extent, and was also theoretically responsible for the standards of efficiency and cleanliness in our accommodation.

Our particular corporal was named Waverly, or something like that, and she was a girl of about twenty one or two, and therefore older than most of us by a couple of years. This, combined with her two stripes and her undoubted position of authority meant that, in all practical details, her word was law.

The first brush with her authority wasn't long in coming. Young girls can be boisterous, just like young men, and a couple of us, me included, got back rather late one evening to the accompaniment of excited squeals and giggles and the unpremeditated eruption of a fire extinguisher, which somehow contrived to fall off its hook and spurt foam all over the highly polished floor of the dorm.

'Corporal Waverly appeared, her face a mixture of amusement and affronted dignity. She looked us up and down, while we stood anxiously in an untidy group and waited for the knell of doom.

'The blow, when it came, seemed catastrophic.

' "Confined to barracks, tomorrow night, the lot of you. And I mean all of the dorm, not just you four."

'There was an immediate howl of protest from the other girls, but Corporal Waverly remained unmoved.

' "There will be an inspection here tomorrow evening at eighteen hundred. No one is excused. That's all."

'The four of us who had caused this calamity suffered the displeasure of all the other girls until the following evening, by which time, as we got ready for the special inspection, some of our dormitory companions looked as if they could cheerfully have killed us.

'At eighteen hundred, Corporal Waverly appeared. We had expected a "dressing down", but we got rather more than that!

'Corporal Waverly knew exactly what she was doing. She obviously realised that, having allowed enough time for resentment against we four culprits to fester for almost twenty four hours, any suggestion she might make as to an alternative to being

confined to barracks, particularly if it included an opportunity for the rest of the girls to get their own back, would be very well received.

'Having delivered the expected lecture, she slipped in the punch line.

' "The alternative to *my* punishing you all by restricting you to the dorm tonight, is one which you might possibly prefer."

'The chance of a reprieve was at once received with considerable enthusiasm.

' "The alternative is that you, and I mean those of you who were not responsible for last night's fracas, might prefer to punish the culprits yourselves."

'Possibly you can imagine the spirit in which this suggestion was received. Shocked by the animalistic shrieks of glee which erupted from the others, the four of us withered with frightened anticipation of what this punishment might be. There was considerable noisy discussion as to just what the other girls ought to do to us. Corporal Waverly waited for the hubbub to subside and then mentioned that, if all were in agreement, *she* might have a satisfactory solution. The four of us were ordered to wait in the shower room, across the landing. We waited for what seemed ages, and our qualms were by no means eased by the sounds of giggling and uproarious agreement which carried to us from the dorm.

'Then the press gang arrived, headed by Corporal Waverly. They pounced on poor Linda, who was about the youngest of us all, and led her protesting into the dorm. The remaining three of us were told to wait where we were, with threats of dire consequences if we didn't.

'As soon as Linda had disappeared through the double doors of the dormitory the giggling and laughter resumed, and now and then a shriek which didn't sound like one of amusement sounded shrilly above the babble. With considerable trepidation we realised that the squeals must be Linda's.

'Whatever they were doing to her seemed to go on for ages. Certainly it was a good ten minutes, which can be an age. And then they came back. For me.

'Scared stiff by the yells Linda had been making, I didn't want to go, but I hadn't a chance. Kicking and struggling, they dragged me through the door.

'Immediately my eles found poor Linda. I was absolutely shocked by the sight. Her hair was straggling all over her face, she was half naked, with only her blouse and tie still more or less in place, and was lying face up across a bed with her arms and legs pinned by four of the girls, her thighs spread-eagled and her eyes staring with fright as she lifted her head and looked at me.

'As I was brought in and shoved to the middle of the long room, Linda was hoisted unceremoniously to her feet and propelled forcibly to the far end of the dorm. With shocked amazement, I saw the hot looking red blotches on her bare bum, and the same angry crimson spank marks down the backs of both thighs. She was dumped, bottom uppermost, across the bed at the end of the dorm, and threatened that if she didn't want another dose she'd better stay where she'd been put.

'And then it was my turn. Struggling, I was dragged to a bed, forced face down across it, and my shoes, stockings, skirt, slip and knickers literally yanked off me, while someone sat on my neck and someone else clung onto my hands. Half-stripped, I was then pulled to my feet and taken back to the middle of the room, amid jeers and catcalls and considerable laughter.

'The girls were to be armed with various implements, mostly hairbrushes. Corporal Waverly, also equipped with a hairbrush, stood in front of me with the most angelic smile on her face. I suddenly found that someone had slipped a pillow case over my head, so that I could see only vague shapes through the linen, and then I was forced to my knees on the floor. Strong thighs clamped either side of my waist, hands held my wrists, and then it started. My poor bum jumped with the first swipe, and I yelped with a mixture of pain and fright. Again and again the pain sizzled into my bottom, a dozen or twenty, I don't know. But I do know that before it had finished, I was bawling like a child and wriggling like mad to escape the sting of that hair brush.

'Then the thighs released me, and their place was taken by another pair. I squirmed, trying to get free, and I felt yet another pair of thighs clamp either side of my ears, and the weight of someones soft, heavy bottom on the top of my head bearing me down to the floor. The spanking started again. I screamed and bawled, but I was absolutely helpless, and the smart grew in my stinging backside until I hardly knew how I would stand it. This process was repeated again and again. I was absolutely breathless from crying, and my knees were bruised and raw from scrabbling about on the wooden floor. At last they had finished with me. Absolutely wretched, I was eventually lifted to my feet, and then I,

like Linda, was spread-eagled face-up over a bed without an ounce of fight left in me.

'The giggles grew louder, and then something cold and slippery started to worm its way up inside me. I screamed, but it still splodged into me, and then, at last, it was over.

'The pillow case was removed, I was plonked down on the bed at the end of the dorm next to Linda, and I heard them bring in Anne, heard them stripping her, and listened as they spanked her naked bottom as they had mine. Then it was Julie's turn, while the three of us lay across our beds too terrified to move.

'They finished with Julie, and then Corporal Waverly's voice sounded behind us. We got another dozen or so each across our sore and quivering bums, before they let us up at last.

'As a spanking, it must have rated as a pretty severe one. There were fourteen other girls, besides us four, in the dorm, plus Corporal Waverly, and they must have each given us a good twenty stingers each. The bruises on my bum stayed for almost a week and, honestly, I couldn't sit down comfortably for a couple of days.

'I never got spanked like that again. But, I have to admit, when it was someone else turn to get it, I was as eager as everyone else, and I should think I got as much enjoyment from it as the other girls had when it had been my turn. And incidentally I found out what the goo was that they'd squirted up inside me. It was only toothpaste. But with your head inside a pillow-case, a tube of toothpaste can feel like a hundred other bloody awful things.

'Whether that kind of thing was common enough in Corporal Waverly's dorm, but with the benefit of hindsight it is perfectly clear that she thoroughly enjoyed it, and engineered repeat performances on every possible occasion.

'Perhaps someone else will be able to shed more light on this kind of thing.

Michael M.,
Kent.

Homely Discipline

Dear Sir,

Following the recent, and well-publicised decision of a Midlands County Council to reintroduce corporal punishment in its children's homes, I have read several accounts in various magazines which detail the punishments involved. As many people will already know, the pupils, including girls up to seventeen, may now be caned, by a female member of staff, over not more than one layer of clothing, which presumably means a pair of knickers or shorts, and always in the presence of the headmaster, which is a necessary part of the routine as laid down by the council.

This decision is naturally regarded as a novelty, and has been reported as such. I would like to point out however, that though it may be a novelty to have girl pupils caned in council run homes, it is by no means a new idea in certain other establishments.

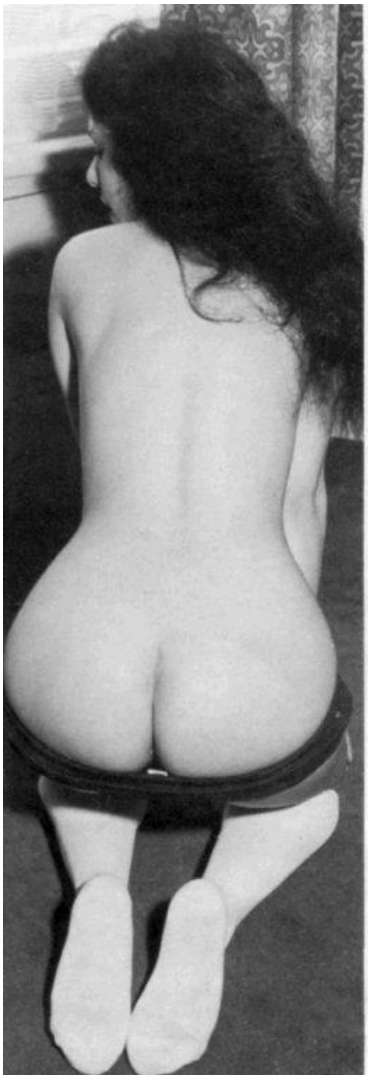
There are thousands of other homes, run by all sorts of charitable and other associations, where corporal punishment, whether sanctioned by officialdom or not, goes on nevertheless. Obviously I cannot speak authoritatively of the majority, but from personal experience I can say that in one, at least, official policy turned a blind eye to the actual facts of life.

I lived in a privately run home from the age of thirteen until I was sixteen, and then, having no other home to go to nor a job, I stayed on, as did several other girls, as domestic staff cum childrens' nurse.

The head of the establishment was a man whose scholastic qualifications were minimal, but whose experience in running organisations for young people apparently made him a suitable person to administer the home.

His methods were fair enough, I suppose, and he was certainly a 'father figure' to many of us. Which no doubt excused, at least in his mind, the exercise of 'parental discipline' on occasions. The nature of this discipline was common knowledge to all members of staff, and as I happen to know, to one at least of the governors of the home.

Discipline was 'unofficial', in



that its application was casual rather than ritualistic.

Being sent to the principal, for the boys, usually meant a bit of a lecture and then some imposition such as additional duties or a loss of privileges. For the girls, it meant much the same, unless you were one of his favourites. To qualify as a favourite, you needed to have a pretty face, a naturally obedient nature, and as few visitors from the outside world as possible. It also helped if you were one of those whose school life, which was outside the home, wasn't a particularly happy one, which meant that you weren't likely to have made any close relationships with the teaching staff.

A 'favourite' really had to suffer the usual impositions and punishments, but her 'discipline' was carried out on a much more paternal level. A fairly common imposition involved dusting the bookshelves in the principal's office, for which purpose he kept a little step-ladder. The girl dusted the shelves, and then each book in turn had to be taken down and shown to him for inspection, while she stood up on the ladder. Any book which still retained a speck of dust would bring a 'Tut-tut', or a 'Dear me', and an admonitary pat on the bottom, delivered from underneath the girls' skirt. Having gone through this ritual on several occasions, without her having complained of the intimate liberties which he took in the process, it was only a small step to finding herself across his lap with her knickers pulled up tight and getting a mild spanking. She would then graduate to a bare bottom spanking, by which time the precedent had been established, and she took it for granted that having to go to the principal's office meant taking her knickers down, a performance which quickly became an almost automatic response.

Cold showers were another 'favourites' favourite, witnessed, of course, by the principal, to be sure you didn't duck your punishment.

These admittedly mild punishments, because I have to say that even a bare bottom slapping was never really more than a token affair, were not at all out of the ordinary for some of the girls. But it was when I officially 'left' the home, as a pupil, and rejoined as a member of staff, that punishment came to figure more ominously in my life.

On the day before I 'left', I was called to see the principal. The transition from inmate to staff had, o cfourse, already been discussed with him and others on the staff. The interview was designed to put me firmly in my place. I was told, in no uncertain terms, that although I had passed from his responsibility in one respect, nevertheless as an employee I now had my own responsibilities to him, and he had a duty to the home's governors. In future, if I wanted to stay under the roof which had protected me for the last four years, I must expect to be treated as a responsible adult, and grown-up girls, in his opinion, needed more than the odd smack on the bottom to keep them in order. With this menacing thought firmly implanted in my mind, I moved into my own upstairs room, in a corridor up under the eaves where the other girls on the staff had their accommodation. I was, of course, in no position to defy him. I had no family, and no money of my own, and there was really no possibility of my leaving at that stage. And also, to tell the truth, I, like the other girls who had stayed on, was uneasy about starting life anew elsewhere. The home *was* home, that's all there was to it. And after four years, taking my knickers down for a spanking didn't seem particularly dreadful. I was used to it, and anyway, despite his own particular style of discipline, the principal was in every other respect a likeable man, whom I had come to look upon as a substitute father.

I had been 'on the staff' for only a few days when I found out just how it was that he 'kept the girls in order.'

For some reason or other which I forget, I found myself in trouble. I paid a brief visit to his study, expecting to be put across his knee as usual. Instead I was told to be in my room at nine that evening, ready for bed.

Dutifully, I did as I was told. Ready for bed presumably meant in my pyjamas. By nine I was ready, and waiting for his arrival, which was right on time.

In his hand he carried a cane. I stared disbelievingly. I was told to take down my pyjama trousers, which I did, and then I was instructed to lie across the bed, my bare bottom held up high, and then I was given my first ever caning. I have to admit that I blubbered, it stung like mad, and he had to hold me down for the last few. I got a dozen, and the marks stayed for about twenty four hours.

Thereafter, e v e n when it wasn't my turn, on six nights out of seven at least one of the girls upstairs was caned. The rest of us could hear the swish and whack of the cane, and the unlucky girls' weeping coming muffled from her room. Nor was it only the principal. Now, the matron also took a hand. I got the cane on average about three times every two weeks, and got slippered by Matron about once a week. And several times, when I got a little older, I was told to report to Matron's room where, naked except for my bra and pants. I was 'introduced' to a man whom I recognised as one of the trustees. On each occasion I was stripped naked, then pulled across a table and my hands held by the man, while Matron thrashed me with a strap across my bum and my thighs. Then, with a patronising peck on the cheek and a lingering pat on the bottom from this man, I was packed off to my room, my place over the table being taken by another girl.

This arrangement continued for the two remaining years that I was there. At any time, I suppose, I could have left, but having become 'institutionalised' I could never quite get up the nerve to actually try and make my own way outside the home.

Now, I can't say this is typical of homes like mine, but from several other girls I have met, one way and another through associations connected with these institutions, it seems more probable to me than not that there is a good deal more goes on out of sight than anyone might imagine. The councillors who so daringly recommended the introduction of corporal punishment in establishments under their jurisdiction are simply giving the seal of approval in their own homes to something which goes on anyway, officially or not, in plenty of other places of a similar sort.

Gillian,
Derbyshire.

Getting the Message

Dear Sir,

Perhaps you will be interested in the story attached, which is about my time as a messenger in a merchant bank in the City, in the early nineteen sixties.

At that time I was in charge of messengers, and there were three others under me. It was our job, amongst other things, to go round to each of the offices at the end of the day and collect any letters or packages left in the messenger's trays. So that we didn't inconvenience the staff,

particularly the directors and senior executives, we would usually wait until all the offices were empty before collecting.

One evening, later than usual, while on my rounds, I ambled unannounced into an office, and saw something which completely took me aback. Across the large, polished desk which was opposite the door was the incredible sight of a girl, whom I took to be one of the secretaries, spread-eagled face down against the top, with her dress tucked up around her waist and her bottom unashamedly on display, covered only by a pair of nylon knickers.

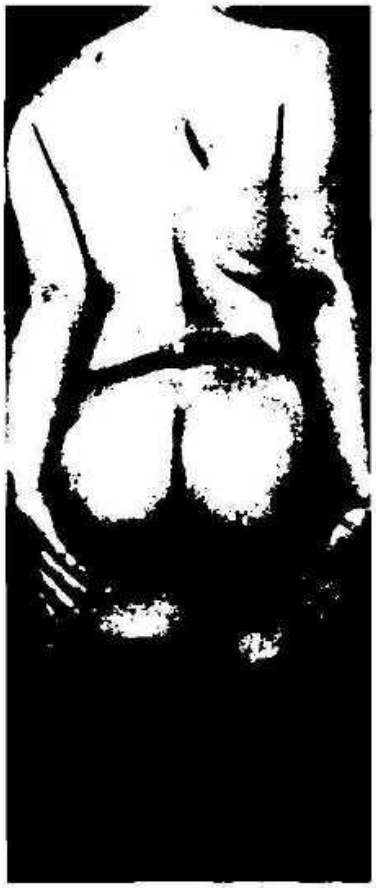
I stopped in my tracks, but she didn't move. Presumably she hadn't heard my footsteps on the thick carpet. Confused, but with sense enough to realise that I ought to make myself scarce, I slipped away into an adjoining office, where I sat down and collected my thoughts. I decided, out of sheer fascination, that perhaps I ought to hang around and see what happened.

The topmost eighteen inches of the wall which divided the offices was built of glass, no doubt to let a little light through into the inner room, and by very quiuetly moving a desk, and by placing a chair on top of it, I found that I could see over the partition. I installed myself in my vantage point and awaited developments.

Nothing happened for a while. The girl was quite alone in the office, I reckoned she must have been about nineteen. She was dark-haired and although I couldn't see her face properly, I gained the impression that she was quite a pretty girl. She was certainly a nice shape. Her bottom looked solid and plump, and her thighs were nice and full where they swelled out above her stocking tops. Her posture across the desk gave me the distinct idea that she was there for a spanking. The thought of that got me very excited indeed.

Patience was rewarded, and in a little while a man, one of the Bank's directors, arrived. I knew him fairly well, on an employer, employee basis.

To my surprise, he seemed to completely ignore the girl across his desk, while he fiddled with some papers in a filing cabinet. Only when he'd finished whatever he was doing did he seem



to notice her. Then he came round to the front of the desk and started to talk to the girl, while he stroked and fondled her half-naked bottom from behind. I heard him talking, but I couldn't catch her answers. She seemed very anxious.

Then, from a cupboard, the man produced a short, thin cane, about two feet long. Walking up behind the girl, he started to cane her, not very hard, across the two heavy swells of her buttocks which were left bare by the briefness of her knickers. I could hear the soft 'popping' of the cane as it landed. He caned her slowly, and little by little she began to wriggle after each stroke, and to do a kind of little jump forward against the desk.

He gave her about thirty like this, then stopped. I couldn't see any actual marks on the girl's bum, but it looked faintly red more or less all over the exposed parts of her cheeks. He said something to her, and I saw her start to fumble with her knickers, then stop.

Suddenly, even taking me by surprise, he whacked the cane quite hard across each of her bare thighs in turn. I heard her squeal, and then almost at once she had wriggled her knickers down off her bottom, down past her knees, and lay looking nervously back over her shoulder. Her bare bottom looked very nice indeed, especially with the redness covering the lower parts.

Then, much more determinedly, he bag nto cane her properly. She squirmed about after each one, and I heard her gasp even through the glass. He whacked her slowly and methodically, waiting for what might have been thirty seconds between each stroke.

I watched, enraptured, as the livid weals began to swell up, plain to see even from my observation point. She got about twenty more like that, the last few taking a long time because she started to jump up almost to her feet as the cane landed, and would only get back down again very reluctantly. The whacking made her cry, and I could plainly hear her sobs, but for some reason she stuck it out.

When he'd finished with her, he left her face down across the desk while he put the cane away, then he came back, took her knickers down to her ankles and lifted her feet out of them, then undid his trousers and slipped his cock up inside her from behind.

I watched him screw her, which he took his time about, and all the while the girl clung on to the far edge of the desk and let him have her just as he wanted.

When he'd finished, I imagined that it was all over for the poor girl, but no. He straightened himself up, then, spreading her legs as wide apart as they would go, he took a ruler from his desk and began to slap the insides of her thighs, above her stocking tops, while she rolled about across the desk top, clamping her legs together every now and then, when he would prise them apart, though with some difficulty, and resume her punishment, which went on until she was in tears again after something like fifty or so slaps with the ruler.

At last he seemed to have finished with her. She stood up, and wandered miserably around

the office, touching at her crimson bottom in a very dubious and careful way, yet still holding her dress up, apparently on instructions from him.

I imagined at this point that it was allover. She'd been soundly caned, and the marks were still visible, she'd been fucked and then she'd been punished yet again with the ruler. Whatever she'd done to deserve it, she'd certainly paid the price.

So I was rather startled when, on his instructions, she stopped her wandering about and started to take her dress off, then her slip and finally her bra as well, leaving her in nothing other than her shoes, stockings and suspenders.

They walked together to the door, then he had her bend over while he gave her a couple of hefty spanks on her sore bottom, then she was helped into her coat and they left.

I gave them ten minutes, then emerged myself. I could only suppose, from what I had just seen, that the unhappy girl's punishment was not yet over, though her bottom had certainly taken a good walloping. I can't imagine what she could have done to deserve it, unless there was more to it than that.

Fascinated to discover who this girl was, though I hadn't recognised her, I spent the next few days searching every office in the building, without finding her. I never did find her. Who she was is still a mystery to me, though obviously she couldn't have worked at the bank. Somehow, the idea that she had come to the bank specifically and presumably by appointment, to wait across the director's desk with her dress up round her waist, for him to then turn up and punish her at his leisure, adds a flavour to the episode which I still find exciting after all the ensuing years.

A.J.,
London.

Punk

Sir,

Asked for a contribution, I have concluded that the most sensible and realistic thing I have to say is this:

I am old enough to remember Teddy Boys, and Girls, as something of a nuisance to one who was twenty years or so older than their generation. I also remember Beatniks, Beatlemania and Ban-the-Bomb demonstrators, who were also a damned nuisance.

But for sheer arrogance and vicious disrespect for other people's values, this present wave of Punk, whatever that is supposed to be, takes the bloody biscuit.

The other day, I watched two young girls, still obviously of school age, insulting and mocking a porter on a London railway station, making obscene remarks and even throwing things at him, apparently secure in the knowledge that, apart from the extremely remote chance of court action, their behaviour could go unchallenged and completely unpunished.

If they were fourteen years old I'd be surprised, but, for all that I may be criticised for saying it, I would cheerfully have collared them and taken their pants down for a good whipping there and then. Their arrogance and lack of consideration would have evaporated if I'd been able legitimately to get my hands on them. I would have spanked their bare behinds until they squealled for pity, and I would not have desisted until their impudent rumps were scarlet all over.

The sooner something is done about this disgusting tendency to disrespect in the young, the better. The psychologists have had their turn, and failed dismally. It's about time that educationalists were given the go ahead to put the emphasis back where it belongs, across the backsides of these hooligans, and preferably with a good swishy cane!

Retired Schoolmaster,
Gloucestershire.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

Daughters come in two basic types. Yours and other people's. Other people's may be described as 'fair game', yours may be described as a nuisance. There is also another, luxury model, which is neither yours nor 'not yours', if you follow me. This is called a 'step-daughter'. You get one by marrying its mother. How to get rid of the mother, once married, has been well-documented by such writers as Mickey Spillane and Agatha Christie, though in the latter case, you should not believe all you read about curare. Or you may prefer to trust to luck, as did Humbert Humbert in *Lolita*, but you may grow very old in the process of waiting for a car to run her over. Anyway, that's your problem. I'm writing about step-daughters.

The ideal step-daughter should be pretty, shapely and preferably naughty. This way, not only will you get plenty of opportunity to legitimately smack her bottom, furthermore it will be a pleasure doing it. But life, of course, being full of disappointments, is also fairly full of remarkably unattractive step-daughters, in which case it might not be quite such a pleasure after all. But do not despair. Remember, beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and even if you're not crazy about the girl, the odds are there is someone, somewhere, who will be absolutely overcome with lust for her. The trick is to find him, and to do yourself a bit of good in the meantime. In other words, you'll have to 'trade her in', or 'swop' her. And to this rather ticklish problem I can offer a very good solution, if you care to read on.

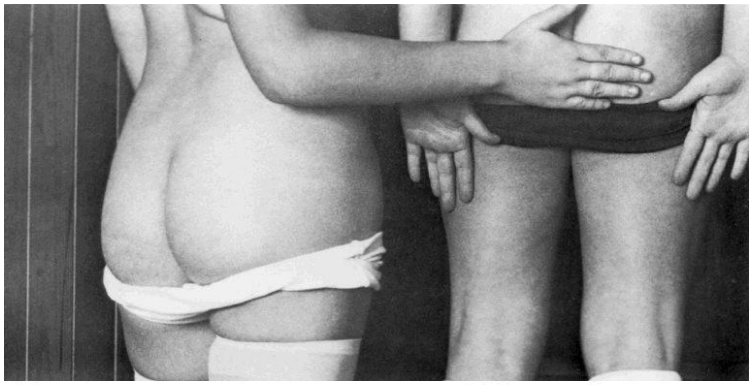
Now, I wouldn't want you to think, not for a minute I wouldn't, that I am advocating the abuse of either guardianship or your step-daughter. All I am suggesting is that she might be useful as 'currency'. Currency is simply that which you give in exchange for something else, and provided the something else is more useful to you than what you gave, you may be said to have made a 'profit'. If you don't know what a 'profit' is, ask your tax inspector. He's probably the reason why you know nothing about the word. Alternatively, read the Old Testament, where there is a great deal of talk about 'profits' and a lot more besides.

In order to make a 'profit', you have to find a market in which to exchange your 'currency' for that which you are seeking. In the matter of step-daughters, the world of the arts has, unknowingly, provided just such a forum, indeed a number of them. These are called 'ballet classes'.

I wouldn't wish to imply that such admirable establishments are in any way aware of the role which they play in this regard. Of course, they are not. They are run by perfectly respectable people who are completely ignorant of the depths of iniquity to which certain other people, (like you and me) will sink in order to have their evil and lascivious way. However, be that as it may, nevertheless certain Ballet Schools have acquired an underground reputation as 'swop-shops'. These 'swop-shops' operate, amongst the initiated, rather like a cross between a Masonic Society and Sotherby's, and carry out their commerce at the premises of unsuspecting ballet teachers.

Such establishments are ideal places for swopping step-daughters, because samples are encouraged to dress in marvellously tight-fitting one-piece practise suits, and are taught to walk with a mincing, Goody-two-shoes gait, while peering down their noses in such a condescending way that it makes you want to smack their little bums there and then. Resist this temptation though, as ballet teachers tend to have long poles with which they gesticulate and bang rhythmically on the floor. Banged upon the head, these poles are lethal.

Ballet classes, by the way, have more to their credit than simply a shop window for kinks. All that standing on tip-toe which the girls have to do has the



fortunate side-effect of making their dear bottoms develop into firm, round, apple-shaped little morsels, which they stick out provocatively at every opportunity and waggle temptingly with each step.

This being so, clearly it may be in your interest to join in all the undercover fun. You should wait until your girl has grown up enough so as not to inhibit you by her lack of years, and then you should take her to see a ballet. Seats in the front row of the stalls should convince her that male ballet dancers are the best equipped men in the world, and with luck she will be unable to resist the lure of the footlights, not to mention the codpiece. As a clincher, you should buy her a pair of 'points' on her sixteenth birthday. At sixteen, of course, she is much too old to start learning ballet, but that's not what she's going there for, now is it?

At the classes, you will always find a motely collection of parents and fetchers looking on. Amongst this assembly, you have to find a 'mark', (punter, gullible person). He will be the one in the unironed shirt, (denoting the absence of a wife) whose eyes never raise themselves above navel level as he watches the girls practise (indicating a mature and possibly compatible fascination with bottoms) and whose hands constantly jingle loose change in his pockets. This last is the real give-away. As any animal behaviourist will tell you, it is the conditioned reflex of a man who has become accustomed to persistent and repetitious demands for 'pocket money, Daddy'. These three things together will identify him at once as a 'swoppsie', 'swoppsies' being the in-word for people who are doing what you are doing. If, however, he is rustling sweet papers instead, beware! He is probably some kink who has wandered in off the street and is trying to lure away one of the samples without bringing one of his own to put back in the pool.

So, now you've found your 'mark', your 'Opposite Number'. The first thing you have to do is find out which of the girls is his, and then decide whether or not she's the kind of girl you'd like to spank. If she is, you then have the task of interesting the punter in your own girl. There is, incidentally, nothing to stop you 'doctoring' the merchandise a little.

One excellent way of doing this is to sneak off with your girl's ballet practise suit, boil it several times in the washing machine, and then when she puts it on and discovers that it has shrunk, remark: 'My, my, what a big girl you're getting lately!' She will, of course, tuck her fingers peevishly up under the leg elastic and pull it down so that it more or less fits her again, but at the very first *pas de deux* it will obligingly spring back to its undersized shrunken shape, the material will pucker deliciously up between her buttocks, and both her cheeks will be at least half bare and will wobble succulently at every step. Itching powder in her knickers will also help to create that desirable twitch and bounce as she moves. As a last resort, you might try a good slapping just beforehand, in which case the bright glow of her bottom will stand out like a traffic light and should bring matters to a head, although it is rather a desperate measure and likely to earn you some condemnation from the other parents.

Anyway, if you've done your preparation properly, at this point your 'mark' will begin to show signs of agitation, and, if he's an old hand at playing 'swoppsies', will sidle up to you and whisper: 'Slappity smack it, wrigglty-pink?' from the corner of his mouth. This is swoppsie jargon for: 'She's nice, how d'you fancy mine?' Saying something like: 'Ooopsy the knickery, tenderysting' will cement the arrangement. On the other hand, if he says something like 'Smackity whack it, fuckitty too?' don't do the deal unless they're both over sixteen and you can negotiate a reciprocal arrangement.

From this first tentative agreement, you are free, of course, to go on and make any bargain you like, in which case, should you be talking in terms of foursomes and visiting each other's homes with your girls, my article in the next issue entitled 'Party Spanking Games' may well be of interest.